

# THE LADIES' MUSEUM.

New and Improved Series.

OCTOBER, 1831.

## THE BAR VERSUS THE STAGE.

BY A LEADING CONTRIBUTOR TO BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

(Concluded from page 31.)

"MY DEAR SIR,—I set off on my annual tour through the provinces next Friday; and

"If such desire within thy breast doth burn,"

I shall feel great gratification in hearing from you that you have agreed to the proposal I made you, of accompanying me. You will at all events see a page of country life; and should you be minded to "tread the rustic boards," you will find suitable attire in my wardrobe ever at your service, and you may always reckon upon my best efforts to secure you a favourable debut. Don't be uneasy about expense; I dare say we shall not fall out about that. What say you? Will you favour me with a line, or a call, between this and next Friday?

"I am, my dear sir, ever your's,

"SCENICUS.

"To — Elmsley, Esq.

"— Court, Temple."

"Well!" thought Elmsley, as he laid down this letter on his breakfast-table, after the fifth or sixth perusal of it, "here's the rubicon at last. Shall I pass it? Shall I finally pass from the bar to the stage? the bench to the boards?"

A cup of coffee which he had poured out after reading Scenicus's letter for the last time, grew cold, while Elmsley, with his legs crossed, his feet on the fender, and his arms folded, sate watching the progress of combustion in his fireplace. He ruminated thus

wise:—  
"What a kind, obliging man is this Scenicus! How frank! how disinterested! He is a practised, experienced

man—a king of the stage, in short; and he would never allow me so far to commit myself, as to adopt a profession he saw I was manifestly incompetent to. Under what advantageous circumstances shall I 'make mine essay!' in an obscure provincial town, and under the surveillance of Scenicus! I don't know, really, after all, if so cautious an attempt as mine will be—so remote from observation whatever event may follow—can properly be called *passing the rubicon*! For even if I fail what can be quieter? None of any consequence will be the wiser for it; I shall have failed under a false name, and before clodpoles; and can hurry back to London, none the worse, as though from paying a visit to some of my country relatives! Oh! I see my way as clear as noon-day! But, by the way, I have a little committed myself, too; I am in treaty about letting my chamber; I have sold the greater part of my books; I have lost a term! Well; but none of them are irretrievable, even if I fail. There are plenty of vacant chambers in the inns of court; Butterworth has more books than I can afford even to look at; and as for a *term lost*, why I'm young enough to keep a hundred yet! Confound it, however, why am I looking so fixedly on the dark side of things? Suppose I should *succeed*! And again—*suppose* I should *not*! Pshaw! Every one feels these doubts and misgivings on undertaking any thing like an enterprise. Come, come, then, I'll make the attempt, however; and even should I fail, and feel disinclined to return to the bar,

literature is open to me, and I can at any time make my 300*l.* or 400*l.* a-year by the reviews and magazines alone, *if I stick to it (!)* So I'll finish my breakfast, and away and see Scenicus."

Our templar having reasoned thus unto himself, suddenly recollected the coffee he had ere-while poured out, and hastily raised it to his lips; but it had grown nearly as cold as spring-water. "What," he thought, suddenly, "if I should be thus disappointed in quaffing the cup of Thespis!" But he dressed himself, and by one o'clock was with Scenicus. He found the *star* in a flowered silk dressing-gown, sitting at breakfast—(your player is a late bird)—with his handsome wife beside him, and engaged upon the papers, when Elmsley entered. The actor received his aspiring young friend very cordially.

"Upon my honour," said Scenicus, with evident pride and pleasure, "these fellows," pointing to the paper, "are prodigiously complimentary on my last night's performance!"

And he proffered Elmsley the "Times," which, among other things, said—"Mr. —, it need hardly be said, sustained his arduous part with all his usual energy and success. It is positively worth the whole price of admission to see one of his attitudes! His interview with —"—naming a particular part of a popular play—"is a masterly conception; and his closing scene was full of power and brilliance. We regretted only that it was the last night of the company's performance."

"All these fellows, too," said Scenicus, pointing to the other morning papers lying on his breakfast-table, "pipe in tune. Ah, ha! They *puff* handsomely, in return for my showers of *free admissions* among the sooty throng!"

"No, no, Scenicus, no!" replied Elmsley, warmly: "they do not say enough! I have no sufficient language to repress—"

"Pho!" said Scenicus, with a pleased air, sipping his chocolate—"you flatter me. But, allow me;

you have received a letter from me this morning?"

"Yes; and I am now come to thank you—"

"Well, and what do you say, aye, or no? I shall certainly set off next Friday, and so you must decide quickly."

"Why, Scenicus, if I thought—if—hem! hem!—if I thought I had really *any* chance—"

"Pho, pho! *try*, man—try, as I did!"

"Aye, aye—"

"But will like trials like results obtain, Though Ajax and Thersites strive?"

inquired Elmsley, modestly.

"Why, my dear fellow, compliments apart, you must make a *beginning*, you know, as I did. Do you think I, or any body else, in any profession, ever stepped into four or five thousand a-year at starting? If you should make 200*l.* your first year, look on yourself as one of Fortune's favourites. You may reckon, haply, on twice as much the year following; and so on upwards, if you are prudent and indefatigable."

"Pardon my pressing; but do you think you could *ensure* me, in a few years' time, 500*l.* a-year, if I faithfully follow out your instructions?" inquired Elmsley, nervously.

"My dear fellow," replied the actor, cautiously, "I'll *ensure* you nothing but my best endeavours to serve you. The rest is all with yourself and the public."

"Well, might I reckon—hem! hem!—on your permission to appear at — next season, in a tolerable character?"

"Next season! Why, Elmsley, you gallop! However," continued Scenicus, thoughtfully, "I'll tell you what: we'll see what success you have in the country; and if you come on even *moderately* only, I'll give you a trial in town next winter—one night, at least."

Elmsley thought he had perceived, as really *was* the case, an air of cold caution gradually stealing over Scenicus, when he found his protégé "in such a hurry." He was reasonably fearful of committing himself, and

holding out prospects which might never be realized. Elmsley saw nothing in all this to quarrel with; and took his departure, after accepting Scenicus's offer, a little damped, but not discouraged.

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In due time, the peaceful walls of —, a quiet country town in the north, exhibited fiery placards, informing the inhabitants that their theatre would open that day week, with the tragedy of *Othello*—*Othello*, by the celebrated, &c. &c. Scenicus, from London; *Iago* by Mr. *L'Espencer* (Elmsley); being the first appearance of that gentleman on any stage! Scenicus had influence enough with the town paper to insert a few paragraphs of puff-preparatory, touching this Mr. *L'Espencer*, with the friendly design of creating "a sensation" in his behalf. With the aid of a few trifling purchases of his own, Elmsley contrived to dress exceedingly well from the wardrobe of Scenicus; and the rest of the week—eventful to Elmsley—was occupied in studying his part, and balancing the chances of success or failure. At length dawned the day—

"Big with the fate"—of Elmsley and the stage!

and stealing in laughing glances through his closed curtains, softly roused him from a dream of—*failure*! He lay tossing in bed for the purpose of reasoning himself into a conviction of the absurdity of giving credence to dreams, and of once more going over his part. He was perfect, as far as memory went, and capital in point of person, gesture, and utterance; but a little—a *lecture* doubtful about his presence of mind! When he sat down to breakfast with Scenicus, who forthwith busied himself with the London papers, he took out a copy of *Othello*, and pored over it all breakfast time, in the hope of finding, after all—even in the eleventh hour—some point—of diamond value! Breakfast over, Scenicus rose, and, with a yawn, put himself into posture, and essayed a rehearsal with Elmsley of one of the chief scenes. Elmsley acquitted himself so well, that his patron frequently interrupted his recitation with cries

of "Marvellously well! marvellously well!"

"Have you any fault to find with action?"

"No, no—none of much consequence," replied the actor, encouragingly, "only take care to keep both elbows bent a little more outwards, which takes off the *trussed-bowl* air, and gives you one of repose and freedom. Believe me, 'tis a very difficult thing to stand well on a stage when you have nothing to say or do. And again, don't fall into the mannerism of rolling your eyes about from one corner of the eye-lid to the other—*à la every* spouter; nor be too ambitious of throwing expression into your eyes. Don't think for a moment of your eyes, or your appearance, but think of your *design upon me*—*Othello*—in 'distilling the subtle poison into mine ear.'" Thus tutored, Elmsley withdrew, after awhile, into his private room, to carry into effect the instructions of his scenic Mentor, who presently repaired to the theatre, to superintend arrangements for the evening. It came; and, as might be expected, the appearance of London stars in a country hemisphere, produced no little excitement and expectation. The theatre was quickly crammed to the doors, with an orderly, good-natured, if not very polished, audience. When it was Elmsley's turn to appear, after a momentary pause of trepidation behind the scenes, he stepped on to the stage with a tolerable show of calmness. His appearance was the signal for all that noise and hubbub with which the good-nature of an English audience prompts them to welcome a new candidate for their favour. It served to give Elmsley a moment's breathing-time, while he bowed repeatedly towards all parts of the applauding house, after which he addressed himself, with an air of excitement, to the business of his part, and acquitted himself so successfully, as to call forth renewed, frequent, and louder plaudits. He went on swimmingly to the end; and at the conclusion of the play, according to metropolitan fashion, he was loudly called on to come forward, and pay his personal respects to his

noisy admirers; when he took the favourable opportunity of announcing his "second appearance in the same character."

I need not, however, pause over this period of my narrative. Elmsley's success was such as not only greatly transcended his own expectations, but secured him a town engagement for the season, from his powerful patron, Scenicus.

Elmsley was in ecstasies; for on his arrival in London, he found himself possessed of 50*l.*, which Scenicus had liberally handed over to him as his proportion of the town profits, over and above all travelling expences. Burton, and all his fashionable acquaintance, welcomed him with enthusiasm; he was *lionized* over again, and his company more flatteringly sought after than ever. Judicious hints were from time to time given out from the leading London journals, about the expected appearance of a "*star*" at the ensuing season; and all the other incentives and stimulants to public curiosity, were placed in requisition.

In a word, Elmsley's new plan of life delighted and dazzled him.—Adieu, adieu for ever to the cold formality, precision, and gloom of *legal* life and studies; and welcome the scenes of ever-changing gaiety and applause!

He lost no time in severing the few remaining links which bound him to the *serious* classes of society, and attaching himself to the *triflers*! He boldly assumed his own name, and had the gratification of seeing

"MR. THOMAS ELMSLEY"

glare in a conspicuous shape upon passers-by, from most of the walls in the metropolis! He had now thrown down the gauntlet to all objections against the course he had taken; and finding that the number of reproachful letters from his relations weekly increased, he at length refused to take them in. He parted finally with his chambers—sold every law-book, and every one remotely thereto pertaining, he had in the world—removed his name from the Temple books, and his "deposit" from the treasury—and so ceased to be a member of the Hon.

Society of the ——— Temple. Here, then, closed—*The Bar*.

I must hurry on with his theatrical career. Mr. Elmsley duly made his appearance at one of the London houses—and successfully. He might even have produced "a sensation," but for the unfortunate engagement—simultaneously with his own—of ten well-known *stars* of the first magnitude, in whose overwhelming splendour the beams of his rising orb were quenched! Those stern arbiters of theatrical destiny, the papers, quietly assigned him, "with the aid of study and experience, a fair prospect of reaching the station of *second-rate* excellence!" and Elmsley read the allotment with dismay. He continued, however, to mingle with gay, and even high society, and succeeded in obtaining, at the end of the season, a tolerable lucrative provincial engagement. He had no sooner, however, arrived at the scene of his labours, than he fell into the fangs of a fearful epidemic then raging over that part of the country, from which he was not released but in a most deplorable condition, and horribly pitted with the small-pox.

He was in despair, and after awhile thought of returning to his forsaken business—the law: but, alas! where were his funds? his friends? and his character? his habits of study and business? These dreadful questions were easily asked, but could not be satisfactorily answered, as poor Elmsley found to his cost. He had no resources whatever but the stage, to which he therefore was impelled by necessity, and to which he clung with sullen despondency. He repaired to town; sought out Scenicus, and solicited an engagement. The actor told him, with every appearance of genuine sympathy, that he feared Elmsley's personal disfigurement would be a serious—an insurmountable bar to succeed on the London boards!

About nine o'clock one winter's evening, ten years afterwards, a party of gentlemen who were spending the Christmas holidays in the country, not knowing what to do with them—



selves after dinner, adopted a sudden suggestion from their host, to repair to an adjoining barn, which had lately been appropriated to the purposes of a theatre, by a company of strolling players. The night was cold and foggy. As they approached the scene of expected entertainment, they observed a few glimmering rays through the chinks of the walls, and a few wretched vagabonds clamouring for admittance at the door. After paying the fee of sixpence each, the party, six in number, took precedence, and entered. At one end of the barn was an elevation of some sort or other, which served for a stage, with six farthing candles stuck along the edge, by way of foot-lights!

Expecting some little amusement, the party walked through the scant

and motley assembly, and seated themselves on the front form. A wretched fellow, in a dingy, tatter-demalion dress, rouged up to his temples, but not deep enough to hide the dreadful marks of *small-pox*, was spouting *Jaffier*. Though evidently half intoxicated, he was not too much disguised for the eyes of Burton, one of his gentleman-auditors, to recognize him, and be in turn recognized by the wretched *Elmsley*! Poor *Jaffier* suddenly paused in the midst of an harangue, gazed wildly towards Burton, and rushed from the stage, to the astonishment and alarm of all present, but to the consternation of *Elmsley*, who saw in that act, not the last of *Venice Preserved*, but of a tragedy of *real life*—"The Bar versus the Stage."

### THE PIRATE.

He leaves her on the shore,  
Again to plough the main—  
And never must that bosom more  
Be press'd to her's again!  
Oh, he must tear her from his heart,  
Again, alas! again must part.  
One last embrace, it is his last—  
One madd'ning pang, and all is past—  
Aye, hang, poor mourner, on that breast—  
No more to thine shall it be prest!

He climbed the shallop's side;  
With firmness frenzy strove—  
He dash'd the bursting tear aside,  
Warm token of his love!  
But the uncall'd, the unbidden sigh  
That silent told his agony,  
Whose voiceless tone was bitterness,  
He strove, but vainly, to suppress—  
He waved once more his trembling hand,  
She shrieks, she sinks upon the strand!

Swift through the yielding wave  
The gallant vessel flew,  
As conscious it contained the brave,  
And sped to victory too—  
A strange bark answered to their hail,  
Yet ere she struck the shatter'd sail,  
Her broadside rang a fearful knell,  
The pirate lover lifeless fell!  
And (meet for him that rude wild grave!)  
He rests beneath the howling wave.

CHARLES M.

## WITH THEE!

WITH THEE how bright the world appears,  
 How beautiful each scene,  
 Gloom vanishes away and tears  
 As though they ne'er had been;  
 Thy voice can ev'ry care remove,  
 Make grief and anguish flee,  
 Each joy is doubly sweet, I prove,  
 When it is shar'd WITH THEE.

With thee to mingle with the throng,  
 In Pleasure's giddy round,  
 To hear the laughter and the song  
 Where Mirth and Joy are found—  
 What music then in ev'ry tone,  
 How sweet each sound of glee,  
 How blissfully the hours have flown  
 When they were pass'd WITH THEE.

With thee I muse on days gone by,  
 On joys too bright to last,  
 Yet think of them without a sigh,  
 Nor grieve that they are past:  
 For whilst the present is our own,  
 'Tis joy enough for me,  
 I take no count of moments flown,  
 While ling'ring yet WITH THEE.

With thee unshrinking I can meet  
 Whate'er the future bring,  
 Nor heed how fast the moments flit  
 On old Time's rapid wing.  
 With thee contented I can bear  
 Life's ills, whate'er they be;  
 And oh! what bliss at length to share  
 Eternity WITH THEE!

AMICA.

## A CALL FROM THE SPIRIT OF THE WOODS.

COME hither! come hither! come follow  
 To the shade of the wild-wood tree—  
 Leave tumult, and trouble, and sorrow,  
 And dwell for a season with me;  
 The dullness that mortals inherit—  
 The shadows of sorrow and care,  
 Shall be chas'd from thy brightening spirit—  
 A glittering garb it shall wear.

Oh, hie thee! the moments are fleeing,  
 Thou art weary and drooping, then haste,  
 I will strengthen the springs of thy being,  
 Which worldly perplexities waste:  
 The trammels of care, that encumber  
 The fancy and feelings of men,  
 Shall fade in the depth of thy slumber,  
 'Mid the sweets of some sheltering glen.

The skylark his matin-peal ringing,  
 Shall gladsomely break thy repose,  
 The choristers soon shall be singing  
 Their hymns from the dew-spangled boughs,  
 And the monarch of light is awaking,  
 To burst from the glittering sea,  
 In glory and majesty breaking,  
 O'er scenes thou shalt gaze on with me.

We will roam o'er the heights of the mountain,  
 Or rest in the velvet-clad glade—  
 We will sit by the trickling fountain—  
 Repose in the coolness of shade;  
 The stars, as the blue sky they sprinkle,  
 The moon, in her beauty so blest,  
 The glow-worms, that sparkle and twinkle,  
 Shall light thee, at even, to rest.

The cushat shall murmur its wooing,  
 Conceal'd in its leaf-hidden nest,  
 All strife in thy bosom subduing,  
 With the spirit of calmness possess'd;  
 I will lead thee where cat'racts are rushing,  
 From high to their sparkling beds—  
 I will lead thee where streamlets are gushing,  
 Or flowing in silvery threads.

Pale, anxious, and worn, I have found thee;  
 Oh, follow! and I will release  
 From the shackles and chains that have bound thee,  
 And guard thee with pleasure and peace;  
 I will take thee where Nature is reigning,  
 In splendour to mortals unknown—  
 To haunts where no trouble is staining  
 The beauty that mantles her throne.

S. S. S.

## SKETCHES FROM LIFE.

## No. V.

BY MRS. HOFLAND.

*(Concluded from page 116.)*

"I CAN tell you much of this unfortunate affair, dear Mary," said the earl; "but as all I say must be painful, had you not better remain in ignorance?"

"Certainly not. Surely you have been to blame to keep from me any information you may have received on a point so deeply interesting as that which involves much of good, or evil, in which my own conduct was concerned."

"Yet it was hard to tell you, that on the only occasion in life, during our long union, in which (led away by your intense compassion for a young creature so situated,) you acted with-

out my knowledge, or concurrence, that the consequences were so unfortunate as they proved, without drawing upon you self-reproach you did not merit; and pain I could not bear to inflict."

The countess pressed the hand of her long-loved lord, and by a look, indicative alike of fear and contrition, told him to proceed.

"When Margareta wrote that letter of apparent penitence, she knew that Colonel — was in our house."

"And what had that to do in her case?"

"I fear it had a great deal: he had been not less the object of her atten-

tion, during the winter when his regiment was stationed in the neighbourhood of —, than poor Frederic — with whom she eloped; and on finding that the latter had no money with which to gloss over her crime, or to supply the luxuries to which she was habituated, she repented that she had given herself to the poorer lover, more especially as he was the penitent one—the one who, remembering the precepts of a mother he adored, and abhorring the conduct of a father he must despise, felt acutely the degradation he had incurred—from his sorrow for sin, and his situation as poor, Margaretta alike turned indignantly away.”

“Fie, fie, my lord! woman could not do this—at least a woman born as Margaretta was, and nurtured by such a mother; besides, she was little more than a child.”

“True; but she was by nature a cunning and a selfish child, and her education had gone only to those points which excite vanity, but neither inculcate principle, nor subdue the innate errors of nature. In short, during her residence here, (short as it was, and closely as you watched her,) she contrived to obtain interviews with the colonel, which induced him to believe her the victim of circumstances, and, in truth, devoted to him. She married Frederic, and accompanied him to the continent only because the man who was her object was already gone there. In consequence of her poverty, she for a time became, as you know, a boarder in a convent, where her husband fondly hoped that retirement, and religious observances, would affect a creature so young, and apparently so artless; for he apprehended that the very violence of her temper, and the acuteness of her feelings, argued a freedom from deceit.”

“That was my own opinion,” said the countess, “even after I discovered that she had wronged the poor man by false accusation.”

“Well, you may now judge how far she was actuated by the passion of the hour, or the intention of her life. When she was sent for, to receive (as was expected) the last breath of her

wounded husband, after the battle of —, she found him in a state so utterly deplorable we can hardly suppose that her pity was not excited. I understand she wept bitterly, and lamented her own hard fate in being called to witness such horrible scenes, but on learning that Colonel — was amongst the wounded, “smoothed her harrent brow,” and contrived the means of informing him of her arrival. Life hung on a slender thread with the husband, but Colonel — soon recovered, and, from one or two notes found in her baggage, it appears that either gratitude to Heaven for his preservation, or pity towards his brother officer, for awhile delayed his progress in the road to ruin: it was, however, *delayed*, not abandoned: being too weak to rejoin the army he was sent to Portugal to recruit, and Margaretta became the partner of his journey.”

“Oh! wicked, wicked wretch! come what may I will never, *never* see her more! no! she may perish in misery, and I—”

“She has already perished! In passing the Guadilquivir the light boat in which they had embarked, to elude discovery, was sunk in one of those violent summer storms to which all mountainous districts are subject.”

Horror-struck, and deeply affected, the countess retired to wonder and to weep; to deplore alike the early depravity of a creature so nobly descended, and so richly endowed by nature, and that awful termination of existence by which repentance was denied. She no longer wondered that a husband, perhaps still indignant towards herself, still sorrowing for a creature so fair, found himself incapable of addressing her on subjects so harrowing to recollection.

Rapid returns from the Peninsula now took place, and the earl's seal became a rallying point to many a noble spirit, and many a wounded or mutilated frame, where the deeds of past days were discussed, and the merits of the absent panegyricized; no one was more frequently spoken of than General —; but the praise attending his actions never failed to



be united with pity for the melancholy said to pervade his mind, far more than the injury supposed to affect his constitution. It was generally understood that he was then in Italy, with his uncle, Viscount —, and likely to remain abroad.

Lady — so sincerely desired to pour consolation into the breast of one so severely punished, that she was almost sorry for this destination, though she entirely approved of it, and rejoiced in his reconciliation with the peer to whom he was heir; and her mind was again drawn towards the settlement of her beloved Matilda, who now more than ever was surrounded by admirers, and of the very class whom she was likely to approve. It did not appear, however, that the young beauty would make any election; her spirits were buoyant as her manners were captivating, yet she escaped the character of a flirt, though she incurred that of being a very singular person, on the high road to blueism, and old-maidism, despite her beauty.

But the tocsin of war again sounded—the designs of the young were suspended, the fears of the old re-awakened, and the brave, who had hoped to repose under their hard-earned laurels, were recalled suddenly from the ramble of pleasure, or the retirement of domestic happiness, to resume the duties of their painful profession.

The earl and countess, with their family, suddenly removed to the seaport of which his lordship was Governor, and there anxiously awaited news from the Continent: it arrived in a promising form, before they had conceived it possible that so much could have been achieved; nevertheless, farther accounts must be every hour expected, and confirmation of the glorious tidings of Waterloo was looked for with feverish impatience, and walks, or drives, in the way most likely to intercept the news, were the sole employment of the family.

The telegraph announced the confirmation before any arrival by sea, and the glorious news animated every heart, and every tongue; nor were the huzzas less obstreperous when

the crowd found that the venerable Governor was amongst them. One person alone stood unelectrified by the feelings of the moment, yet he was evidently an Englishman, and one, too, who had served, for his air was decidedly military, and, as he retired, there was a halt in his gait which appeared to have been the result of a wound: the deep mourning he wore might account, in part, for the absence of pleasure manifest in his countenance, but to this was added an air of painful bewilderment, and even disappointment, that was striking.

As the earl's carriage (which was an open barouche) withdrew, his name was mentioned by persons near the stranger, who instantly turned round, and made a courteous bow to the countess, whose regards had been for a minute or two riveted on him: She beheld the long-lost Frederic!

They could not have met at a happier moment to spare each party the pains of recollection, for one absorbing interest pervaded all their minds. Lord —, for such the general was now become, had only arrived to learn that the battle of Waterloo was fought, and to grieve that he had not shared its perils and its glories. This sense of mortification, although in the first instance acute, now subsided, and his fine, though melancholy expression, was exchanged for that of the purest joy, as he found his hand grasped by the venerable earl, and heard the glory of his country descanted upon by one who felt every exertion with the warmth of youth, and every victory with the exultation of a veteran soldier.

There was no resisting the earl's invitation on such a day as this, when all his own battles had a right to be fought o'er again, and all his friends to be inquired after, as the only consolation his personal vexation admitted. It is unnecessary to follow him to the bedside of a sick relative, in a retirement which precluded the sound of that trumpet which awakened Europe, until it became too late to join the great captain with whom he had fought so often, and so well—unnecessary to dwell on the change in his fortunes which had taken place

since he met the countess for the most eventful purpose of his early life, and one to which he could not even now revert. So acute remained his sense of shame and contrition, so painful his retrospect of the sufferings which he then experienced, that they banished, in a great measure, the later, and apparently the acuter, sorrows arising from the desertion of her who became his wife. To the heartlessness of her conduct, and to the awful manner of her death, he could advert when alone with her whom he revered as a mother, and to whom he held himself deeply indebted, but never did he dare to refer to the sad tale of crime and sorrow that had first introduced them to each other.

Lord — had much business which required his absence, and there was again an overflow of company with the earl, yet the former could now seldom persuade himself to stay long from that house he had once trembled to enter, and he became soon one of those privileged friends who have long held it as a home. For some time the gay visitants there seemed to consider him as a bird of ill-omen, who would scare away even mirth the most innocent; but it was not long before many mothers found a handsome, wealthy man, scarcely turned thirty, (more-over a lord,) a very interesting personage, at whom one daughter might safely languish, or another smile.

A short time served to convince them of their error. Lord — was impenetrable, and, apparently, determined to remain so, for he talked and walked only with the countess, or her own protégé, who, having refused half the gay men of her acquaintance, could not be supposed likely to give a thought to one who never addressed her save with the manners of a father, rarely smiling at her wit, sometimes reproving her folly, and often echoing the anxious observation of the countess, when she wondered “whether Matilda would marry before she died?”

It was yet allowed by all, that if not a marrying, the viscount was yet a domestic man: he doated on children—he was considerate for married women—and would drive either the

countess or her gay young friend to any poor cottage where aid or consolation was required; and taught by compassion, not less than personal suffering, to study wounds and ailments, had become no insufficient adviser to the invalid poor, to whom he was always a liberal donor. Alive to the beauties of Nature, and well read in her ample pages, when he admitted any one to share the long rambles which were his sole amusement, his society became a treat not easily forgotten, and held not less as an honour than a pleasure, because seldom accorded—indeed, every thing in his mind and manners, his principles and sentiments, showed that character which could bestow and receive happiness in married life, but whether it would ever emerge from the blight it had received was matter of doubt even to the countess, who had seen farthest into his heart.

One night when the youthful part of her visitants had made up a little dance, Lady — expressed a surprise that he did not join them. “You have walked so much of late,” said she, “that you have no longer an excuse for sitting thus aloof.”

“But I prefer looking on, and feeling how different a creature I am from what I might have been—I have a kind of ascetic pleasure in punishing myself, by contrasting the feelings I once entertained with the sensations I ought to entertain—of course it is only to you I could say this.”

“It is right that you should thus feel at times, but, surely, in giving yourself up to morbid sorrow, even as connected with penitence, you do wrong, since you destroy your own power of enjoyment in the gifts which God has bestowed, and deprive yourself of extending happiness to others.”

“Extending happiness! ah, Lady H—, can you indeed think me capable, with my moody humour and solitary habits, of making such a woman happy as I could hold in esteem? or would a pure and virtuous creature so esteem me as to render my happiness dear to her? I am a strange contradiction, for with all the consciousness of error which still haunts me, I yet dare to be fastidious, and

ask in a woman the very excellence I least merit to receive."

The extreme anxiety with which these words were uttered and heard, had rendered both parties delirious to the scene around them, and Matilda had stepped out to request the countess would take care of a bracelet she had been likely to lose at the moment Lord L—— was uttering the latter part of the sentence: his deep seriousness of manner struck her as she approached, but his words affected her still more. It was evident he spoke "of love, of marriage"—she coloured, trembled, and hurried back. Her manner proved to them the impropriety of discussing subjects so affecting and engrossing at such a moment, and, as if resolutely avoiding them, they fixed their eyes on the dancers.

But the charm which had previously drawn their observation was gone—the queen of the sports in another moment had withdrawn, and the countess, understanding that Matilda "must be ill, though she did not say she was," instantly followed her.

To her inquiries she was only answered by tears, until the countess was beginning to chide, when the words escaped her—

"Oh! why do you question me, dear madam, when you ought to be informing me? Why will you keep from me what he has been saying on a subject which is to me more important than even life or death?"

"Of whom do you speak, Matilda?"

"Lord —— to be sure! is there any other man in the world whose sentiments, whose intentions, can be any thing to me? *you* know—you must know—but, oh! no one else shall ever know how entirely he possesses my esteem, my affections, my—"

Matilda's head was at this moment leaning on the shoulder of her friend—there was a slight noise in the conservatory, whither she had retired—she looked up, fearful that a servant had entered—she beheld Lord ——.

Surprized, delighted, and grateful as the intruder certainly felt, he would have instantly retired, and spared

the blushes, the tears, of one he loved, and had long loved, far more than he suspected, but he was followed by the earl, who had sent him, but in his solicitude could not await his return. The good old man could neither comprehend the tears of his darling, nor her desire to escape, but he could readily "conceive there was something between her and the young general," he said; and taking the countess by the arm, he drew her away, observing that, "if they had quarrelled they would be able to settle it without seconds, he durst say."

Explanation soon led to that union which no one had a right to impede, and many had sincere desire to witness, although divers opinions as to the future happiness of the parties were loudly given amid the high-born circle in which they moved, and many were the critiques passed on the bride by those who intended to forestall her. The bridegroom was acknowledged by all to be perfectly renovated as to appearance and spirits, for his days of courtship, though few, had been of a nature to cheer, console, and reassure him.

The countess could not bring herself to witness the marriage ceremony, though she exerted herself to the utmost in arranging every thing in such a manner as might most tend to obliterate, from the mind of Lord L——, the circumstances attending his former ill-starred connection. In the grateful grasp of his hand, and the glistening of his eye, it was, however, evident that he did indeed remember it, but only in such a manner as to contrast his present felicity with it, and to be thankful for the difference.

Happiness itself is a serious thing, and the new viscountess felt it to be such, and entered on her situation like a wise woman, who has "counted the cost," and is willing to pay the just price for that which she purchases. She had long reigned paramount in beauty, and exercised her attractions among a wide circle of admirers, but she resigned the triumphs of vanity without a sigh, and being long initiated in benevolence, and the activities demanded by friendship, entered on her duties as the mistress of a large

establishment, and the patroness of a numerous tenantry, with that full purpose of heart which they demanded; thus seconding the anxious wishes of a husband, who felt that he owed to the world around him not only benefit, but reparation.

Time flies — scattering from his hoary wing the pains and pleasures which make up the lot of life to every human being in a considerable degree, independent of his own agency. Matilda has been the most fondly beloved, the proudest, the happiest of wives

and mothers, but sickness has visited her "pleasant home," bringing in its train mournful retrospection and heart-wringing despondency; and she now wanders far from her native land to find in sunnier climes health for him who is more dear, more honoured, more treasured in her "heart of hearts," than when she vowed to him obedience at the altar. Who will not desire that they may return in health and peace to enjoy the evening of life together?

### SHE IS DANCING WITH ANOTHER.

BY JAMES KNOX.

SHE is dancing with another—  
 She is laughing with him now—  
 But she turns, if I address her,  
 With a cold, contemptuous brow;  
 Though I kneel in tears before her,  
 Like a pilgrim at a shrine,  
 Yet her smiles she gives to others,  
 While her frowns alone are mine.

Together oft, when children,  
 In summer-hours we play'd,  
 Where the sweetly-spreading lime-trees  
 Gave a cool and fragrant shade;  
 But times, alas! are alter'd—  
 Those summer hours are o'er—  
 And the happy days of childhood  
 Will smile, alas! no more.

'Twas a calm and gentle evening  
 That I wander'd by her side,  
 When I told her of my passion,  
 And I woo'd her for my bride.  
 Oh! I deem'd that I was happy,  
 For her lips consented then;  
 But it only was to raise my hopes,  
 And wither them again.

She hath join'd the merry-hearted,  
 With her smiles reflecting heaven;  
 Unheeding him whose bosom  
 By her cruelty is riven.  
 But in aftertimes the tear-drop  
 Those beaming eyes will lave,  
 For her conscience must condemn her  
 When she gazes on my grave!



## THOU ART NOT HERE!

BY MRS. CORNWELL BARON WILSON.

THOU art not here! and the festal throng  
 Has an air of cheerless gloom;  
 And the voice of mirth as it floats along,  
 The dance, and the laugh, and the joyous song,  
 Sounds sad through the crowded room!

Thou art not here! and soft music's breath  
 Wakes no pulse of joy in me;  
 And the cheek of Beauty looks pale beneath  
 The flowers that seem faded in pleasure's wreath,  
 When that wreath is not worn by THEE!

Thou art not here! and the gay laugh steals  
 Like a faintness o'er my soul!  
 And a smiling brow but ill conceals  
 The lonely void my bosom feels,  
 As the festive moments roll!

Thou art not here! and the social board  
 Awakens many a sigh;  
 When bright names are pledg'd, in memory stor'd,  
 As the sparkling wine is gaily pour'd  
 In the bumper goblet high!

Thou art not here! and I must not name  
 Before each smiling guest;  
 (Or Envy's lip the toast would blame,)  
 One dearer to me than the breath of Fame,  
 The friend of my lonely breast!

But I pledge that name in my inmost soul,  
 Unheard 'mid the revel's glee;  
 And feelings that crowds can ne'er control,  
 Rush to my eyes while I drain the bowl,  
 And drink but in thought to Thee!

## THE CROMWELLIANS.

AN IRISH TALE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE RESCUED TEMPLAR.

*(Concluded from page 63.)*

THE court of the Lord President of Munster had been appointed to meet in Youghal in the spring of 1685, but the death of Charles II. followed by the accession of a bigoted Catholic, threw such a damp on the spirits of the Protestants, that the administration—we will not say of justice, for that was unknown at the period, but we may call it—of law—was suspended, until the appointment of Clarendon to the vice-royalty, and the positive promises of the wretched James, led them to hope that their darling ascendancy would not be endangered. It was late in October before the deputy president, Lord James O'Brien,

a cadet of the house of Inchiquin, arrived to open the court, and one of the first cases set down for trial was that of Judith Hagarty. During this long interval, Hillgrove had concocted a plan for her eventual deliverance, in case of a conviction, but he was far from anticipating such a termination of the proceedings—he was persuaded that the case would be laughed out of court, and that boundless ridicule would cover that most sapient body, the saintly corporation of Youghal. Unfortunately he did not know that the deputy president was himself a fanatic of the first head; a witchfinder of the first order; and a gloomy bigot

who regarded mirth of any kind as a crime.

The only parallel that can be found for the Irish presidentiary courts are those of the Turkish Cadi. The lord president generally united in his proper person the offices of accuser, judge, jury, and sometimes executioner. In some few instances he called for the assistance of assessors, whom he nominated from among the most prominent of the dominant faction. These additional judges seldom increased the chances of impartial justice; and some of the Arminian Protestants, who were almost as bitterly persecuted as the Catholics by the Cromwellians, significantly described the appointment of assessors by the text, "Then taketh he unto himself seven devils worse than himself."

Lord James O'Brien having taken his seat, and opened his commission in due form, declared that, previous to entering on the trial, he wished to obtain the aid of some goodly men, whose knowledge might assist him in an investigation of such importance; and forthwith nominated the Rev. Mr. Snooks, with Aldermen Greene and Pratt, as his assessors, an association that threatened the prisoner with ruin.

The evidence that had been given at the previous investigation was repeated with but little variation, and a new division of witnesses then came forward. Julia Nealon swore that she had vomited pins and needles three several days, in consequence of having been looked upon by the prisoner from the windows of the prison. Poor old Judith uttered an exclamation of surprise, which produced such an effect on the excited nerves of the witness, that she fell into strong convulsions, a circumstance which the spectators unhesitatingly attributed to Judith's magic arts. Terror spread through the entire multitude; no new witness could be persuaded to appear, and Mr. Snooks was ordered to put the final test of the Lord's Prayer.

It is perhaps known to most of our readers, that no true witch can repeat the Lord's Prayer perfectly; and we have countless instances of several having been condemned for failing in this task. Their inability may easily

be accounted for; in the excitement of a trial, it is a matter of difficulty to repeat any form of words correctly, and when all the auditors are on the watch, and anxious to detect a slip, imagination will often supply errors that never occurred. To Judith the trial was anything but favourable, she was not familiar with the English language, and though the prayer was used by her daily in her native tongue, she had probably never heard it in English during her life. Mr. Snooks, who repeated the prayer for her, had a double portion of that snuffling drawl, to which it pleased the Saints of the period to tune their melodious voices; there were times when even his own flock could not understand his twang; what wonder, then, that an old and terrified woman failed to repeat the words after him correctly? She broke down at the clause, "Forgive us our trespasses," and the stern hum of the spectators announced that no further evidence of her guilt was required. The president of the court announced the conviction of the prisoner in terms of triumph. "Forasmuch," said the learned lord, "as it hath appeared to me, acting in the name and in the behalf of his most sacred majesty, that thou, Judith Hagarty, hast sold thyself to Satan, to work his abominations, and the same hath been fully shown in open court, to the satisfaction of myself and the godly men around, I do pronounce thee, wretched woman, guilty of the horrid crime of witchcraft, and liable to all the penalties thereunto attached by human and divine law. Before we proceed to sentence, our worthy and reverend brother, Mr. Snooks, will proceed to glorify the Lord, for the great manifestation of his power in thus bringing to light the mysteries of iniquity."

Mr. Snooks, thus invoked, arose, and for two mortal hours harangued in a style of which it is quite impossible to give even a faint notion. He began with the fall of the angels, traced the progress of *diablerie* through the whole course of Jewish history, related all the cases of demoniacal possession, connected the whole with the legend of Pope Joan, who, he asserted, had changed her sex by magic,

deduced from thence the close and intimate connection between Popery and witchcraft, then launched forth into dark and ominous hints of the dangers that at the present period threatened the reformed religion, and finally declared that the salvation of the empire might be secured, by offering up as a sacrifice the emissary of Satan who then stood before them for judgment. At the close of this harangue Judith was asked "What she had to say why sentence should not be pronounced?" a demand to which the poor old woman, exhausted and completely bewildered, could make no reply. She was then condemned in form to be burned alive on the following day, at noon, in the centre of the market-place.

From the moment that the assessors had been named, Hillgrove foresaw the manner in which the trial would terminate, and prepared his plans for rescuing the unfortunate woman. The old jail of Youghal was a long narrow building, erected by the corporation out of their own funds, and of course executed in the jobbing style so common to all corporations. The timber supplied by Mr. Alderman Greene was of the worst description; the tiles purchased from Alderman Pratt were crumbling to pieces when put up; the bolts and bars, bought from the different heads who dealt in old lumber, or who wished to exchange old locks for new ones, could scarcely be made secure without more ingenuity than fell to the share of a cross, old, and deaf jailer.

The condemned cells in this miserable domicile were on the upper story, for the sake of additional security; the possibility of a prisoner's escaping through the roof never struck the minds of the civic authorities, they regarded the stairs as the only mode of retreat, and deemed that the chances of escape decreased by the greater number of flights a fugitive would have to descend.

After sentence was pronounced, the unfortunate Judith was placed in one of these cells, but no persuasion or reward could prevail upon any of the townsmen to mount guard on the same story with the witch; it was with difficulty that three or four of the bravest

were induced to keep watch in one of the lower apartments, having secured a promise of a liberal allowance of creature comforts, and the aid of the Reverend Mr. Snooks. The preparation of the pile furnished an agreeable employment to the people of the town during the day; before evening it rose on high like one of the Egyptian pyramids, and seemed sufficient to burn all the witches in Christendom.

It was midnight; on the second floor of the jail in a room reasonably comfortable, were sitting the jailer, three constables, and the Rev. Mr. Snooks. Pipes, tobacco, and strong beer, formed apologies for their taciturnity, since history records that, during two hours, none of them had spoken. As the clock struck the witching hour of night, one of the constables turned to the minister and said, "Thinkest thou that Satan will desert his servant in the hour of need?" He had unwittingly "harped Snooks' fears aright;" the probability that the devil would make an effort to save the witch had formed the theme of his terrified cogitations, though he strove to hide it even from himself; but when the notion was thus put broadly by another, his terror knew no bounds. "Brother Miles," he stammered out, "brother Miles, remind not the foul fiend of his—Mercy upon us! what is that?"

A crash overhead, followed by a deep, mournful groan, interrupted his speech. After a fearful pause, the sounds of hurrying feet, and a chain dragged heavily, were heard. The watchers started to their feet, and a cry that seemed to issue from no human lungs came upon their astonished ears. Thrusting themselves into a condensed solid mass, they rushed towards the ruinous staircase, but paused to determine who should first ascend. A new shriek, still more unearthly than the former, induced the near rank to push forward the front, and they reached the landing place of the story where Judith's cell stood. It was an inner room, and the anti-chamber had been apparently the spot whence these demoniacal noises proceeded. With trembling hands Miles opened the door; all was silence and darkness: holding the light be-

fore him, he took a single step in advance, when suddenly the candle was dashed from his hand, and flash after flash of vivid light passed before his eyes, and revealed a horrid spectre of indescribable form; in an agony of terror he threw himself back: the attempt to hurry down the narrow staircase had nearly proved fatal, for the old jailer's foot slipped, and, grasping at Snooks for support, he upset the parson, and the whole party rolled together from the top to the bottom. They remained several minutes stupified with terror, until a cat happening to pass over the prostrate group, appeared to their excited nerves like a troop of horse, and they absolutely bellowed in agony. Terror at this moment was spread through the entire town; the witch-pile, set on fire by unknown hands, burned up in fiercer conflagration than ever pile had burned before—

Dark red the heavens above it glow'd,  
Dark red the sea beneath it flow'd.

Roused from sleep by the unaccountable illumination, the inhabitants sprung from their beds, and rushed, half-naked, to the streets, and as they read consternation and awe in their neighbours' countenances, their own feelings were harrowed up to intense torture. The blazing pile, burning with unabated fury, and casting its yellow glare on pallid faces, and quivering lips, would have startled the nerves of the stoutest at any time, but at this moment of excitement it seemed a portent ominous of all the ills that flesh is heir to. While men gazed on this strange spectacle, there came a cry that Satan had carried off his servant from the gaol, after having sorely buffeted the worthy Mr. Snooks, and severely afflicted his companions. To the jail rushed a portion of the crowd, and found that Judith had indeed vanished, and in her departure had made a breach in the roof sufficiently large for the whole board of aldermen to pass through. Miles averred that he himself saw her ascend in a fiery chariot with Satan as her

driver, and that the devil, very little to his credit as a judge of beauty, was kissing the old hag very affectionately at the moment he took flight. Other versions of the story were afloat, but as Miles's was the narrative of an eye-witness, it of course deserves the most credit. How Judith's escape was really effected—

"Ah! that is the mystery  
Of this wonderful history,  
And we wish that we could tell!"

All we can say on the subject is, that she was living some years after this event in a retired cottage on Mr. Power's estate.

James II. had not been long on the throne before he began to adopt measures which threatened destruction to the Protestant ascendancy in Ireland. Of these the most important was the appointment of Lord Tyrconnell to the lord-lieutenancy, followed by the removal from office of several of the faction that had previously possessed the monopoly of place and pension. It is surprising how great a change was produced by the vigorous efforts of the viceroy; the corporation forgot its horror of Popery, and liberalized as fast as Tyrconnell's administration acquired strength. Sermons on Christian charity, and the duty of loving all our brethren, were heard from pulpits which had hitherto only echoed the dogmas of Calvinistic faith, and thundered damnation against all who rejected the tenets of Geneva. Civic offices were opened to the Catholics, and even Alderman Greene was said to have subscribed sixpence to repair the thatch of the hovel where the ceremonies of the mass were performed: this instance of generosity and liberality, however, requires confirmation. Ere long came thrilling tidings: the Prince of Orange had landed at Torbay, and was preparing to hurl his unfortunate father-in-law from the throne, by means which render his memory's claim to the epithet of "pious," in the Orange toast, very questionable.\* The hopes of the Cromwellians were again raised; the

\* We here beg distinctly to state, that we do not hold ourselves accountable for such political opinions as our various contributors may think proper to express.—ED. L. M.



prospect of exclusion once more dawned upon them, nightly meetings were held, a secret correspondence opened with some of the English Whigs, and every means taken to persuade the leaders of the English revolution to extend their cares to Ireland.

The delays of William, and the arrival of James, caused a great depression in the minds of the Irish Protestants. There were, indeed, a few old royalists, such as Hillgrove, who still retained their ancient notions of royalty, and deemed that nothing could excuse taking arms against their sovereign. These formed a small, indeed an almost imperceptible, portion of the Irish Protestants; the rest believed that their own ascendancy was the great end of government, and that their allegiance was due to the sovereign by whom it would be best maintained. Young Hillgrove joined neither of these parties; in obedience to his grandfather he accepted a commission from James, but would have resigned it again but for the influence of Ellen Power, who dreamed that the hour of Erin's independence was now close at hand. The events of the struggle are matter of history; James lost his crown by a course of the most incredible folly and stupid treachery; William prevailed by following the dictates of prudence and common sense.

At the commencement of the war Hillgrove and his grandson were entrusted with the command of the garrison of Youghal, and successfully exerted themselves to save the partisans of William, the great majority of the inhabitants, from the anger of the rulers who had detected their machinations. On the landing of Marlborough, near Cork, he took the precaution of arresting those whom he deemed most likely to betray the town to the enemy, but the step was delayed too long. As young Hillgrove was conversing one evening with Miss Power, who had come over with her uncle to see his grandfather, he was roused by a sudden outcry in the streets; rushing to the window he beheld a mob hastening toward the

sea-side, and, inquiring the cause, learned that some English vessels of war were entering the harbour; before he could get into the street, the few soldiers that composed the garrison had assembled, and prepared to man the battery; but treachery had been at work; two of the guns were spiked, and the ships of the enemy passed by without interruption. Nothing now remained but a retreat; before it could be effected a Protestant mob assembled, and began to burn the houses of those who adhered to James. The garrison, eager for revenge, rushed from the battery to the town, and a fierce street battle ensued. Hillgrove in vain tried to lead off his troops; when suddenly the thought of his grandfather and his mistress flashed across his mind. Followed by but three of his men he hurried towards the house: it was already in flames, and Snooks stood before it, at the head of an infuriate party, superintending the conflagration.

Morning rose on the town of Youghal—three or four corpses lay, blackened with flame, in its main streets; over one shapeless mass lay young Hillgrove, mortally wounded, and beyond him Snooks, in the last pang of death. The Cromwellians had prevailed, and, as usual, had signalized their victory with unsparing slaughter; which, however, was not wholly unavenged, as the fate of Snooks and some other fanatics testified.

The body of Snooks was borne to the grave with civic and military honours; the corpses of the Powers and Hillgroves were sewed up in sacks and thrown into the sea. Happy were they in their fate; the aged captains fell before they witnessed the military fame of a British army sullied by the scandalous outrages and breaches of capitulation which was displayed by the English generals at the time; the youthful lovers escaped from the sight of the worst tyranny that ever disgraced any country—that of the Cromwellians in Ireland.

W. C. T.

## LINES.

Oh Thou ! who mould'st the willing mind  
 To joys entrancing and refin'd,  
 Breaking the spell that wraps around  
 The airy nothings of a sound—  
 Who lead'st the soul to ponder o'er  
 Those pages of historic lore,  
 Wherein we trace the glorious lot  
 Of names—oh ! ne'er to be forgot !—  
 From Thee great Milton learn'd his sway,  
 To Thee La Martine owes his lay—  
 And both combine to praise Thy name,  
 As both from Thee derive their fame.  
 But how shall I ere climb so high,  
 Or pierce with philosophic eye  
 Those bright celestial realms, to draw  
 A sacred halo round Thy law ?  
 No :—Newton's self could scarce attain  
 The wonders of th' ethereal plain !  
 His Heav'n-illumin'd eye by Thee  
 Was guided thro' Immensity !  
 He measur'd worlds as yet unknown,  
 And mark'd the marvels of his own—  
 Yet still how limited his search  
 Compar'd with Time's eternal march !  
 His unassisted mind could ne'er  
 Have trac'd the slightest wonder here.—  
 His only glory was to be  
 The creature of Thy majesty.  
 —And I, who boast no sounding name,  
 An exile from the lists of Fame—  
 A wanderer on this care-fraught earth,  
 The child of sorrow from my birth—  
 Oh ! say can I e'er hope to mount  
 To wisdom's pure and hallow'd fount ?  
 To climb the fields of light, and scan  
 The wonders of Thy mighty plan ?  
 To stem the torrent of dismay,  
 And break from darkness into day ?  
 Ah no ! but still one joy remains  
 To consecrate my mortal chains—  
 It is the joy of praising Thee ;—  
 To glory in that wise decree,  
 That loads my heart with grief while here,  
 To fit it for its future sphere.—  
 Glory to Thee ! shall be my ceaseless cry,  
 Scarce heard on earth, but peal'd along the sky !  
 Glory to Thee ! my harp resounds,  
 And my heart vibrates to its sounds !  
 Oh ! for an angel's voice to raise  
 The song to my Creator's praise !  
 Oh ! for an angel's lyre to move  
 My accents to the theme of love !  
 Glory to Thee ! whose radiant throne on high  
 Rests on the pillars of Eternity !  
 How sweet to sing—how sweet to praise  
 The wondrous Author of my days !

To stretch my soul on wings sublime  
 Beyond the farthest point of Time;  
 To pass o'er ages in my flight,  
 And rest among the fields of light;  
 To own Thy works the works of love,  
 And bless the hand by which they move!

Glory to Thee! glory to Thee!

Thou God of all Infinity!

In joy—in woe—this heart-born strain shall be  
 For aye my fervent pray'r—GLORY TO THEE!

WM. M——, JUN.

## THE KNIGHTS' CONTEST.

A TALE OF THE OLDEN TIMES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE HERMIT IN LONDON.

It was on a fine autumn evening, after the great tournament which took place at Beaucoire, when the knights, who had entered the lists, were refreshing themselves, and indulging in the pleasures of the mantling goblet, whose purple tide restores our wasted strength, and casts an oblivion over the perils and the toils of war, that it was proposed by Sir Hildebrand de Percy that each knight should, subsequent to his toasting (on one knee) the ladye of his love, describe the force of his passion for her, and detail the feats which he had performed for her, the intensity and duration of his passion, together with the constancy and permanence of his flame; for they were already weary of discoursing on their deeds of arms in field of fight, joust, tourney, and rencontre. "For myself," said Sir Hildebrand, who made the proposition, "my tale is short—my well-deserving little; I can only boast of truth and fidelity. Here," taking up his helm, where his crest, a lion, was surmounted by a plume of white ostrich feathers, and adorned by a white true-lover's knot—(his lady's favour)—"here," said he, modestly, "is the history of my life. I have loved and served the Ladye Blanche for fourteen years; she was my first, and only, and will be my last, love. I have been stedfast in combat, not to fix a stain on her maiden colour; and I look forward to the time when the cross shall humble the crescent, and our moslem-foe be trampled in the dust, to call her mine. Let him who says more receive this

golden goblet, curiously engraven, together with a wreath of myrtle, for his prize. To the Ladye Blanche," drinking, "I have loved none other!" and with that he sat him down, loud applause following his brief and manly harangue.

Every eye in the circle was now on Sir Reginald St. George. The knight was of high stature and proud bearing, in the flower of youth, yet already well known in battle-plain and ladye's bower. He had cleft a Saracen to the saddle-bow at the siege of Asculan, and was awarded the prize in the tournament of the Seven Champions, who fought for the Princess of Arragon. He had been the champion of many fair demoiselles, but had attached himself principally, most durably, and lastly, to the Lady Bertha, celebrated for her exquisite beauty. The violet favour, emblem of her spring-tide age and sweetness, was proudly placed over his crest—the dragon—and a profusion of green feathers hung down to the shoulder of his sword-arm. His coat of mail was splendid, his glaive had been empurpled with the best blood of the infidel host, and thus he spake:—"Of my young exploits, my winning my spurs, and maintaining my place as foremost in the van, I will say nothing; but for the ladye whom I serve, behold," loosening his cuirass, and showing his breast, "behold these scars. I have been in seven pitched-battles, and seven times as many single combats, since the Ladye Bertha put this chain about my neck, and fixed her

colours on my crest. In all of these I invoked her name as my signal for victory, and in my last encounter with the Turkish leader I slew him, and, dipping this favour in his blood, I laid it, on my return, at the feet of the ladye of my love and service. To further fame I have no pretence. To the health of the Ladye Bertha, supreme in beauty and in virtue, gain-say it who dares!" The clapping of hands bore testimony of great approval, as the knight flung himself proudly and carelessly on his couch.

Sir Hugh de Tressy now rose: his complexion was bronzed by the Egyptian sun; a scar on his manly forehead proclaimed him brave amongst the brave. He was known to be the faithful knight of the Lady Geraldine, an imperious beauty, who met his passion with coldness and indifference, yet still did he serve her with truth and fervour; and, persevering in faithfulness and high renown, he still sought to obtain her heart by fondness and deeds of arms, which her fickle disposition and self-love had so long withheld from him. For her he refused the hand of the richest heiress of Anjou; for her he performed a pilgrimage on foot, when she was seized by a fever; for her, as he recounted in his address, he forded a rapid river at midnight; for her he passed many a stormy night under her lattice, celebrating her in song—for he was a minstrel, as well as a chief of high renown; and, lastly, for her he dared to single fight the most expert Hospadar of the adverse army, and, having put him *hors de combat*, he met horse to horse a brother of the Sultan Saladin, and having brought him to the ground, vaulted from his barb, and fought him on foot, lest it should be thought that he took him at vantage: here he again prevailed, crying at every pass of his destroying weapon, "Geraldine the Fair, smile upon me!" After a long contest he slew his man, and plucking the jewel from his turban, and the signet ring from his finger, he sent them as trophies to his mistress, who in return presented

him with an amulet. His hopes were now increased, and, as he observed in concluding his narration, he hoped to win her at last, for whom alone he lived. Thus saying, he replaced his helmet on his brow, surmounted by an eagle plume; his crest the same; his colours, royal purple and scarlet.

The black punache, waving in sepulchral sadness over the vizier, crested by a sphynx, and bearing a yellow\* favour, announced the valiant knight of St. Sepulchre; one whose feats in Palestine had raised him to the highest pitch with his brethren in arms. This was a cavalier of Provence—Sir Maurice Muranville. He had had but one ladye; faithfully had he served her; and when he was returning from the war to obtain her hand, death wrested the prize from him. His mail was black, and he had made a vow to marry no other. His constancy and courage admitted of no doubt or dispute; and as he sat down, after telling his short story, the cup was offered him to drink to her pious memory, and he was treated with great distinction.

A pause ensued, when Sir Algernon de Falconberg stepped modestly, and reluctantly, into the circle. His face was of great manly beauty, and he was the youngest cavalier present. He had, nevertheless, won many prizes in single combat, on horseback, and on foot, and performed prodigies of valour in the last severe action with the Moorish host. Many a ladye bright had looked on him with a favourable eye: the Ladye Agnes Douglas was, however, the avowed ladye of his love. "It becomes not me, brave cavaliers," said he, "to compete with you—it is not what I have done, but what I may do, in the field of honour, and in faithful service for my ladye, that must recommend me to your notice." Then kissing the rose-coloured favour which the Ladye Agnes had interwoven with the falcon on his white-plumed helmet's crest—"To the Ladye Agnes," continued he, "I have sworn eternal truth; for her, and for the banner of St. George, am I ready

\* The yellow is the forsaken colour;—also, in some countries, is worn for mourning, from typifying the dust.



to live and to die; for each, what man dare do, that will I do!" Then, bowing respectfully, he drew back, and raised the goblet to his lips. His interesting appearance, added to his modesty, produced a strong sensation, and it was pretty generally anticipated that the prize would be awarded to him.

There was now only one knight to compete—Sir Felix St. Maur, a cavalier of Aquitaine: he was celebrated for his zeal in the cause of the crusaders, and for his devotion to the softer sex. Faithful to his oaths, he had avenged the wrongs of the widow and the orphan repeatedly, having rescued a Ladye de Creguy from a strong fortress, where her jealous lord had confined her, and slain his kinsman, who pursued him: in the orphan's right he slew a Norman knight of immense prowess, who had seized on and unjustly detained the lands of his ward. He was at once the favoured of the fair ones, and the terror of the Saracens; and now he was clad in the mail of one of their most powerful leaders, and had the cymitar of a desperate Pacha by his side, yet sat he mute, and unwilling to rise, his bosom heaving with a hidden flame, and with evident agitation in his looks. He had for seven years been attached to the Ladye Isabel, but she might

not be his: many were the proofs of his passion, and many the dangers and trials which he had braved for her. Faithful in love, and undaunted in his duty, his every thought was bestowed on them. Great and mighty were his struggles to conceal his flame, for his ladye's honour was dearer to him than his life; and well was he aware that she cherished a mutual feeling for him. His eyes, when she was present, were fixed on her; his cheek glowed with the deepest crimson when she was named; in his casque a light-blue favour, emblem of her soft bewitching eye, stood unchallenged, for she was the pride of his heart, and none dared name her but with respect. The knights looked up to him to rise, and he did so; they knew his high deserts, and he felt it; they knew, and pitied, the state of his heart. He rose, and was about to speak, but he struggled with the intensity of feeling for utterance; he sighed, and, as the big tear trembled in his eyelid, he drew down his vizier over his face, and left the ring.

Every bosom glowing with sympathy for the brave, impelled the blood to the manly cheeks of the five contending knights, and, with the loudest acclamations, the prize was awarded to the knight of Aquitaine.

### THE MOURNER.

BY F. W. N. BAYLEY, ESQ.

He stood beside a moss-grown grave,  
When day flung beauty o'er the wave;  
And its far-off dash, like a gasp of fear,  
Broke low on the old mourner's ear!  
He stood beside a silent tomb,  
When the summer day had nought of gloom,  
And the flow'rs that blossom'd all around  
Flung scents upon the Holy Ground!  
The sunny air was full of balm,  
The rose was resting in its calm!  
But a fairer rose, in a bed more deep,  
Was sleeping a calmer and softer sleep!  
A fairy thing on the lovely earth,  
With a brow of beauty—a heart of mirth;  
But the leaves had fallen and faded all—  
And that weary mourner had watch'd their fall!  
And now he was come with a tearful eye—  
And a lonely heart—and a swelling sigh—

And the grieving thoughts of a soul whose night  
 Was all too dark for hope to light !  
 And while he was there by the moss-grown grave,  
 The far-off dash of the summer wave,  
 The bloom of flow'rs, the balm of air—  
 What were they to him in his wild despair?

### THE SEA-BOY'S DEPARTURE.

BY EDWARD LANCASTER.

THE die is cast, the bark at hand  
 To waft me from my native land ;  
 Yet, e'er I go—adieu each dell,  
 Each hill of England—Fare thee well !  
 The sea is smooth, the day is fair,  
 The pennon flutters in the air,  
 The white sails in the breezes swell—  
 Land of my fathers—Fare thee well !  
 The rippling waves in murmurs low  
 Are sporting round the gallant prow—  
 Once more my parting words I'll tell—  
 Land of my fathers—Fare thee well !  
 The anchor's weigh'd, the coast is clear—  
 For other climes we onward steer.  
 —That shout sounds like a funeral knell !—  
 Land of my fathers—Fare thee well !  
 Perchance, my foot may never more  
 Press yonder green and happy shore ;  
 But my heart is there for aye to dwell—  
 Land of my fathers—Fare thee well !  
 And now seems dwindled to a speck  
 My island home ; yet still on deck  
 It keeps me—like some potent spell—  
 Land of my fathers—Fare thee well !  
 'Tis past ! 'Tis vanish'd from my sight !  
 Our good ship moves with the speed of light.  
 Come, duty, come ! my cares dispel—  
 Land of my fathers—Fare thee well !

### THE EVENTS OF A VOYAGE.

(Concluded from page 108.)

RICHARD CAVENDISH was a man who could master his feelings (outwardly at least) with ease. He unavoidably met Augusta every day, but there was nothing to be traced on the countenance of either that could give rise to a suspicion of what had passed between them. Cavendish continued the soul of the circle, and Augusta, as if infected by his example, exerted all her varied and fascinating powers

to please. This display of their mutual talents served but to connect their hearts more closely. Often did Augusta's soul yearn towards the elegant and accomplished Cavendish ; often did the sigh of regret steal forth as she pictured to herself the wide difference between her destined husband and secret lover ; and often did the unbidden wish arise that that lover and husband could exchange places.

Again did Cavendish sing, and again was Augusta lifted up towards Heaven with the ecstatic and soul-inspiring sounds.—But to the more important part of our narrative.

One morning Cavendish was leaning moodily against the mainmast, when his attention was attracted by a loud shriek, which proceeded from the quarter-deck. In a moment he was there. Twenty voices at once screamed out, “Miss Vaughan—Miss Vaughan has been thrown overboard by a sudden lurch of the vessel!” He looked for an instant, and caught a glimpse of her attire floating amidst the waves. One moment sufficed to throw off his coat and waistcoat—another to clear the life-rails at a bound, and plunge amidst the waters.

No mortal sound has a more stirring effect upon a seaman’s heart than the cry of “A man overboard!” Danger, fatigue, comfort, and refreshment, are alike forgotten as the appalling sound strikes upon his ear. All was, therefore, activity. The first lieutenant shouted for a rope, and the captain ordered a boat to be put out.—“Abaft there! Starboard your helm!” he cried. “Fling a rope from the larboard mizen-chains there. Bear a hand, maintopmen, and clear away that boat from the quarter!” with many other orders following each other with characteristic rapidity. Meanwhile, Cavendish stoutly breast-ed the billows until he reached Augusta. Every head was now bent over the ship’s side in intense anxiety. Richard stretched forth his hand to grasp the sinking girl, but was foiled by a wave, which rolled her from him. Again did he press forward, and again was he frustrated. Collecting every energy, every particle of strength he possessed, he made one more desperate attempt, and caught her waist at the very moment she appeared sinking for ever. A simultaneous cheer now burst from the crew, and twenty ropes were at once cast towards Cavendish, one of which he caught, and was drawn up with his prize upon deck. Some person immediately attempted to take his lovely burden from him, but he exclaimed, “Hold off!” and bore the senseless form of

Miss Vaughan below, where committing her to the care of the ladies, he immediately retired, waiting, however, at the door in extreme agitation, and refusing to quit the spot, or change his clothes, until he ascertained beyond a doubt the recovery of Augusta.

The ladies used all means to restore her to sensibility, but for some time without effect. At last her eyelids were raised, and she awoke as from a dream, with a confused mass of recollections pressing upon her at once. She remembered something of the first plunge into the sea, the rushing of waters, and strange noises. Lights seemed to dance before her eyes, and it was long before she could comprehend the truth of her situation. When, however, it was explained to her, she exclaimed—

“And who was it saved me from my dreadful fate?”

“It was Richard Cavendish!”

Augusta was silent, but her reflections were busy. “And this,” thought she, “is the man whom I treated with harshness and unkindness—the noble, the high-minded, the generous Cavendish, always kind and attentive to me, and now he has risked his own life for mine!”

Poor Edward Clarges was thrown more into the shade than ever by this last action of his rival, and during the two days’ confinement to her cot, which the surgeon ordered, to prevent the effects of cold, she had ample time for reflection. At the end of that period she again met her deliverer, but, as there were many persons present, neither could give vent to their reciprocal feelings. She, however, expressed her thanks in a manner which fully proved the sincere gratitude she felt, and which Cavendish received with his usual courtesy, entirely disclaiming all merit for the action.

Chance, however, a second time threw them alone together, when Miss Vaughan again warmly expressed her gratitude for his noble conduct.

“I cannot but think the act of suicide the emblem of a weak mind,” said Richard, in a deep, impressive tone; “but at the same time I cannot but sincerely wish that I had perished

in my attempt, so long as I had succeeded in saving you."

"Sacred Heaven! Mr. Cavendish, why do you talk thus?"

"I need not repeat what I said on our last interview, to be again treated with scorn; yet believe me, Miss Vaughan, in spite of the gay exterior that I assume, the adder is gnawing at my heart that must ere long canker it."

"Do not say so, Mr. Cavendish," said Augusta, averting her looks from the gaze of her admirer. "Banish from your mind all that took place at that interview."

"I cannot, madam," replied Cavendish. "Believe me, it is too deeply rooted here!" and he placed his hand upon his bosom.

"Nay, Cavendish, for I will call you so, a strong mind like yours can do wonders. Let the remembrance be for ever lost of our unhappy attachment—that is, I mean, your misplaced one;" and Augusta blushed scarlet deep at her unwitting *lapsus linguæ*. "Recollect I am another's;" and a sigh stole from her as she spoke.

There was nothing in the tone in which these words were uttered to discourage the most diffident lover. Cavendish was not one of those, and he therefore returned to the attack, but politically forbore to notice the unintentional expression she had let fall.

"But do you love that other?" said he, hurriedly. "Miss Vaughan, it is not perhaps a proper question, but I conjure you to answer me, for my soul's happiness depends upon your reply. Oh, Augusta, you are my Utopia of female perfection! Do not destroy the bright illusion by owning your affections to be placed on one so far your inferior in mind—one so totally unworthy of you. Even if I am debarred from the blessed hope of ever possessing you myself, still I would not think that the goddess of my affection had placed her love on one so incapable of appreciating its inestimable value."

"Mr. Cavendish," said the lady, rising with an air of blended determination and dignity, "you have saved

my life. You have acted, as I have every reason to believe, with candour and openness towards me. I will be frank in return, for you have acquired a right to demand it. I will therefore confess; whatever pain it may give me, that I do not love Edward Charges; but yet, alas! I must be his." Her proud spirit was exhausted by the confession, and Augusta sunk back upon her seat.

Without suffering an instant to elapse for reflection, Cavendish caught her hand, and, throwing all the fires of love in his eyes, exclaimed, "You must not, by Heavens! No power on earth now binds you to him. But for me, you would have been lost to him for ever: the sea would have marred his every fond hope. In snatching you from its billows, therefore, I have myself acquired a right—yes, I repeat it, a right of claiming you as my own;—that is, if I have your consent. Speak—tell me, Augusta," and his voice sank into a low, musical whisper, "have I that consent. Will you not bless your adorer?"

"Cavendish," said Augusta, her voice scarcely audible, and a deathlike paleness overspreading her noble features, "I would to God I might say yes; but, I repeat it, I am fated—doomed for another!"

"Then tempt the sea once more," exclaimed Richard, with bitterness. "Couch that lovely form upon the waves, and see whether they will waft you to your destined husband, or claim you as their prey. By my life! the thought makes you shudder. They would not, Augusta; they would not, of their own accord, release you. But pardon my hastiness—attribute it to the ardour and sincerity of my passion. Besides," continued he, "can a high-minded creature like you so far forget your native dignity, as to bestow a hand without the accompaniment of the heart? Oh, no, Augusta, you cannot—you will not!"

Several weeks after this interview the ship arrived at Calcutta. The boat was lowered, and Mrs. Vaughan, with her daughter and servants, accompanied by Cavendish and Chambers, embarked to go on shore. Some persons were on the strand awaiting



their arrival, and Mrs. Vaughan, singling out one, as the boat approached nearer to them, screamed out, "There he is, I declare! Look, Augusta, there is our Edward, poor fellow, waiting for us anxiously enough!"

The boat run aground, and a sturdy sailor taking up Mrs. Vaughan, carried her through the surf, and placed her on the beach. She was immediately caught in the arms of Edward Clarges, who joyfully exclaimed, in broken accents, "My dearest Mrs. Vaughan—my more than mother! Blessings be to Heaven for your prosperous voyage! But where is Augusta?"

"Here, my son Edward—my dear boy—here she comes!" said Mrs. Vaughan, affectionately returning his salute, whilst tears of joy streamed down her furrowed cheek; and Augusta was, in her turn, carried by the sailor and placed by the side of her mother.

Forgetful of their exposed situation, Edward clasped her to his heart. He had waited morning after morning upon the beach, for nearly a month past, and now that all his fears were allayed, and he held his precious treasure in his arms, he became so overpowered by the intensity of his feelings, that he wept aloud, as he exclaimed, "My own—my adored Augusta!"

"Hold, sir!" exclaimed Cavendish, in a voice of thunder, and springing from the gunwale of the boat to their side; "your right has ceased to treat that lady with such familiarity."

"Ceased, sir!" repeated Edward, looking with astonishment at the intruder: "I am yet to learn how. She is my own, are you not, Augusta?"

But Augusta spoke not, and Edward, for the first time, perceived that her cheeks and lips were pale as marble. This might, however, be attributed to the agitation of meeting; he therefore, turning round to Cavendish, said, impetuously, "By what right do you make that assertion, sir?"

"By that of her husband, sir, her wedded husband!" replied Cavendish, Oct. 1831.

drawing up his tall form to its fullest height.

Mrs. Vaughan screamed aloud; and Edward stood transfixed with astonishment, horror, and incredulity. The lady's-maid and serving-man held up their hands, and looked at each other in silent amazement; whilst Richard, advancing to Augusta, and passing his arm round her, said, in a calm, determined tone, "She is mine! and no mortal power can dissolve the tie that binds us!"

Edward, who had stood fixed and silent as a statue whilst Cavendish was speaking, here recovered his voice, and cried, wildly, "Augusta! for God's sake relieve me from this dreadful state of suspense—but do not—do not say you are married!"

The tears coursed down the cheek of Miss Vaughan, but she could not reply. With the sight of Edward, whom she esteemed, if she did not love, old and dear associations crowded upon her recollection. Pity for one whose very heart's blood she knew to be devoted to her, and whom she had so cruelly deceived—whose measure of happiness she had nearly filled, and then dashed it from his lips for ever—and remorse for her unkind and disingenuous behaviour, choked her utterance, and she leant upon the shoulder of Cavendish in an agony of bitter feeling. The delirium was past—the illusion fled; and she now viewed her precipitate conduct with a feeling nearly akin to repentance. Still, her heart, her soul, was devoted to Richard Cavendish, and she consoled herself with the reflection, that had she united her fate with Clarges, she would have given up her person to him, whilst her heart was, and ever would have remained, in the keeping of another.

"I cannot believe it! I will not believe it! It is impossible!—you cannot be such a villain, Mr. Cavendish! nor my daughter so undutiful!" shrieked Mrs. Vaughan.

With a calm and dispassioned gesture, Richard drew the glove from the left hand of his bride, and, holding it in his, pointed to a ring, and said, "Here is the symbol! She has not worn it until this day, when I caused

her to assume it, well knowing that all matters must necessarily come to an eclaireissement so soon as we landed. Mr. Chambers performed the ceremony; and here," he continued, laying his hand upon the shoulder of one of the sailors who had come ashore in the boat with them—"here is the man who witnessed it. He is a widower, and furnished me with the wedding ring."

"I'll have the marriage annulled immediately!" cried the astonished and enraged mother. "It cannot be legal, for there were neither banns published, nor license obtained. A daughter of the house of Vaughan shall not be the acknowledged wife of an unknown man, who, for aught I know, may be some fortune-hunting adventurer."

"Do you repent of your choice, my Augusta?" whispered Cavendish, in his softest and most attractive tones. "Will you desert me, my girl, if your mamma can effect what she threatens?"

Augusta looked not up—she made no reply—but clung yet closer to the arm of her chosen one.

Assured by this action, Cavendish again drew himself up to his full height, and, with a dignified air, (not without a tinge of scorn,) said, "I will relieve you from anxiety on that point, madam. I am not ignorant of the great wealth of the Vaughan family; but, without incurring the charge of boasting, I may safely say that my own private fortune equals, if it does not exceed it. With regard to my name and connexions, I will have the honour of submitting my pedigree to your inspection, so soon as my luggage is brought on shore. As to annulling our marriage, madam, you might as well attempt to sever with your scissors the isthmus which connects the Americas. To make all sure, however, the ceremony shall be again performed with every requisite formality."

"Then I will never acknowledge my daughter more—never see her again!" sobbed Mrs. Vaughan, in an agony of grief and passion.

"Well, madam," replied Richard, proudly, "you will of course consult

your own inclinations. I have a friend in Calcutta at whose house we shall sojourn till the next ship sails for England, when I shall return with my Augusta to our native land."

"Mother!" said Augusta, wiping the tears from her eyes, and speaking in a tone of deep feeling, "I pray you—I entreat you, moderate your anger; pardon my indiscretion, and acknowledge my dear husband. He is a gentleman—he is every way worthy of our alliance." Mrs. Vaughan burst again into tears, but, waving her hand, turned away. "To you, Edward Clarges," continued Augusta, "I cannot sufficiently express my contrition for the unkindness of my conduct towards you. Till I met this gentleman, now my husband, I thought I could have loved you—have been your wife with pleasure. But no—I esteem, I regard you with the sincerest sisterly affection, but my heart is for ever fixed here;" and she buried her face in her husband's bosom. "Think, Edward," continued she, again raising her countenance, glistening with the tear of emotion, "what a source of unhappiness it would have been to us both, had you united yourself to one who now finds she had not a heart to give you."

"Say not another word, Augusta," said Clarges, in accents nearly inaudible. "I will prove that my passion for you was not selfish, and that I regard your happiness more than my own. Take her, sir," continued he, to Cavendish, and joining their hands at the same moment. "Take that prize which it has been hitherto my principal delight to anticipate the ultimate enjoyment of. Take her, Mr. Cavendish—may you prove worthy of my Augusta, and may Heaven bless your union. Farewell, Miss—Mrs.—I cannot speak it—Augusta, farewell! Think sometimes of Edward Clarges—of your early playmate and devoted lover—think of me, Augusta, when I am in the tomb, to which I feel I shall soon hasten."

With these words he rushed hastily from the spot, followed by Mrs. Vaughan; whilst Augusta, her spirits completely overpowered by the agitating and distressing scene she had

gone through, was conveyed, by Cavendish and Chambers, to the house of their friend.

All entreaties to reconcile Mrs. Vaughan to the new-married pair proved ineffectual. She seemed to have imbibed a portion of her daughter's determined spirit, and resolutely refused even to see them. The haughtiness of the dispositions both of Augusta and Cavendish would not allow them to use much solicitation, and, in the course of a short time, they embarked on board a homeward-bound vessel, and arrived safely on their native shores.

The most casuistical sceptic may be defied to prove that there is in this life a single incident which does not bear its concomitant moral. The very fall of a leaf teaches man that he must in time arrive at the sere and yellow of his age, and its speedy decomposition tells a fine lesson of his own mortality. Thus may be discovered a moral even in the preceding events, where unshaken faith appears so ill rewarded; and parents may learn from them how dangerous is the

path they pursue, when an union for children is agreed upon before the bent of their inclinations become manifest. Love is the most arbitrary of all passions, and cannot be coerced. Why, then, is it so frequently calculated upon before any sign of its appearance unfolds itself? Let the ambitious and the avaricious yield the reply!

The lesson to be derived from "The Events of a Voyage" is twofold. First, had not the contract been formed between Clarges and Miss Vaughan, the latter might have married Cavendish with the full concurrence of her mother, and the sin of disobedience thus obviated. Secondly, had the proposed marriage taken place, according to the unjustifiable agreement, it can scarcely be imagined that much happiness would have accrued from the wide dissimilarity of their dispositions. Jars, disagreements, and perhaps, finally, a separation, would therefore have loudly exclaimed, in the sequel, against preconcerted marriages.

J. W.

### SONG.

By that pure cheek's roseate hue,  
By those eyes ethereal blue,  
By that lip serenely smiling,  
Chiding now, and now beguiling,  
By those soft luxuriant tresses,  
By Partunda's sweetest blisses,  
I live but to adore thee!

By the choice perfumes that hung  
O'er the wave whence Venus sprung—  
By the little Loves that play  
In the grove where Cupid lay—  
By the beauteous forms that show'r  
Peris food on Paphia's bower,  
I live but to adore thee!

By the rose that decks the grove,  
By the chaste retreats of Love,  
By that neck supremely white,  
By yon angel's wing of light,  
As it wafts to Heav'n above  
The last eternal vow of love,  
I live but to adore thee!

X.

## THE EDITOR'S COUNCIL CHAMBER.

THE TIMES V. OUR ILLUSTRIOUS PATRONESS.

*Oliv.* Did he write this?*Clo.* Ay, madam!

THAT the maternal solicitude of an affectionate parent should be distorted into a cause of vituperation seems incredible, but such is the grossness and perversity of the editorial ebullitions of the "Times" newspaper—such the satanic joy with which all that is good, all that is noble, are assailed in the columns of that journal, that the anxiety of H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent for the health of her daughter, the Princess Victoria, is tortured into opposition and disrespect to the wishes of the ruling sovereign. When we reflect on the almost treasonable mis-statements of facts which are so often and so sedulously propagated by the editor of the "Times," with the view to bewilder and mislead, we can find no terms of reprobation and disgust sufficiently strong where-withal to brand this Thurtell of his race—this immolator of virtuous and laudable motives on the shrine of malignancy and party spirit. The arrogant pretensions of this self-named "thunderer," as he blusters forth his indiscriminate falsehoods, levelling his envenomed shafts at the breasts of purity and honour, find their refuge and their home, no doubt, in the congenial minds of the ignorant and the vile. By such is the fiat of his dictatorship acknowledged, and with such only can it pass for sterling ore; for by all beyond the society of "the half-washed artisan" is the counterfeit detected and despised. That men who have the talent, and it is not a little, which is necessary for conducting a publication such as the one alluded to, should descend to the arts of defamation and falsehood, either from interest or the love of vice, is so evident a prostitution of ability, that its possession, or rather the power of using it, becomes a public and a scorching curse. And we hope that the day is not far distant when this blot on the privileges of the press, which sits "a foul incubus" on the public mind, and troubles and darkens

its repose with false and traitor-dreams, shall be hurled from its imaginary "pride of place," and degraded to the very dust. But more immediately to our subject. On the 7th ult. we find the following daring statement in the above-named journal:—

"In the midst of the general interest and affectionate zeal excited by the sublime ceremony of to-morrow, of a constitutional Monarch pledging himself to a free people to guard their rights and privileges, it has been remarked with very general surprise, that the Duchess of Kent and the Princess Victoria are the only members of the Royal Family, old or young, who are not to be present at the coronation. It is with deep regret that we have learned that Her Royal Highness has refused to attend! Yes, has refused to attend! and that her absence on this occasion is in pursuance of a systematic opposition on the part of Her Royal Highness to all the wishes and all the feelings of the present King. Now the presence or absence of the Duchess herself is a matter of comparative indifference—it is merely disrespectful; but that of the Princess Victoria, which must, as to its immediate cause, be imputed to her mother, cannot fail of being considered by the public as indecent and offensive. We should be glad to know who are the advisers of this misguided lady? Who can have dared to counsel her, the widow of a mediatised German Prince, whose highest ambition never could have contemplated the possibility of an alliance with the Blood Royal of England, to oppose the Sovereign to whom she is bound by so many ties of gratitude? Her Royal Highness must have been acting under a well-grounded confidence in the indulgence and forbearance of His Majesty, or an entire ignorance of the authority of the Crown. The constitution has limited the political power of the King, but has left it uncontrolled and



despotic over the members of his own family; and it cannot be disputed that she who is ignorant of the respect which is due to the Crown, is unfit to form the mind and superintend the education of the infant who is destined to wear it.

"We could mention some curious facts, which, for the present at least, we abstain from doing. We would rather admonish than expose, and shall rejoice if these monitory hints be not thrown away. No Monarch has more endeared himself to his subjects than William IV.; and the Duchess of Kent is grossly mistaken, if she thinks to ingratiate herself with the people of this country by opposition to the will and disrespect to the power of the King."

Yes, such is the daring and insolent statement of the "Times." But let us see how the coward purpose of his soul shrinks into itself, and how in a very few days after the roaring of the "thunderer" dies into a little, shrill, tiny voice, announcing his own falsehood, and proving the true weight of his "monitory hints." It is thus that he whines out the tardy truth, which, we presume, contains the "*curious facts*" which the writer of the paragraph had previously *abstained from mentioning*.

"We have received from a corre-

spondent, upon whose authority we can depend, the following statement of the causes which led to the absence of their Royal Highnesses the Duchess of Kent and the Princess Victoria from the ceremony of the coronation. The Princess was in delicate health when she left town; indeed, the Duchess of Kent's journey to the Isle of Wight was delayed for some days on that account. Under these circumstances, the Duchess's maternal tenderness naturally enough became alarmed at the prospect of the fatigues the Princess would have to undergo. She communicated her fears upon this head to His Majesty, through Lord Grey, and His Majesty fully concurred with her in thinking that the Princess's health should not be risked by attendance on the coronation. It was in consequence determined that she should not attend; and as the Duchess never quits her child, she of course was absent also."

Hence a great moral lesson may be learned, and even from the editor of the "Times." He has shown us that, however well arranged all his plans of mendacity may be, the career of a liar is not only ignoble but uncertain, and that he is not unfrequently made the self-degrading instrument of his own exposure.

#### TO LILLA.

Oh! why did you gather the rose?—

Why pluck the sweet flow'r from the tree?—

Oh! why, my lov'd Lilla, suppose

It could live when an alien from thee?

'Tis true that it bloom'd for a time,

Like Hope through the mist of Despair,

But sad and uncouth was the clime—

It died—for no Lilla was near.

Then since its sweet spirit is flown

To grace an Elysian parterre,

Give a sigh to the emblem that's gone,

And send Love's reality here.

C.

## SCRAPS OF THE MONTH.

BY A LOOKER-ON.

"In the Park, on the evening of the 8th ult. a grand display of fireworks took place by command of His Majesty, in the course of which several heads were broken by the falling of the rocket-sticks, which were none of the smallest."—*Morning Paper*.

In one case, we grieve to add, *man's laughter* was exchanged for *manslaughter*. Query—Would it not be well for those who will run risks on these occasions, to adopt the plan of certain uninhabited householders, and write "*empty*" on their pates, as *they* do on their shutters?

The "DEATH OF MR. S. L. FOX'S BAY COLT BY BRUTANDORY!" was announced in the "*Morning Herald*" a few days ago in Roman capitals rather less than a yard in length! No terrific convulsions of Nature preceded this event; and, extraordinary as it may appear, the occurrence occasioned no more visible interest among the mass of the people, than if the veriest Rozinante in Christendom had "gone the way of all horse-flesh." The funeral will take place in *Horsemonger Lane* on Thursday next. We were asked, but we are going to a wedding—another *bridal* affair. Rogers says, he considers the death "a *sad-ill* to the community." The Bishop of London has "enough to do in his *own stall*." The relatives of the late Marshal *Ney* "will be present." Don-Key will "do himself the honour of proving at this last hour the *stabil-ity* of his regard," but wished to ask whether "refreshments were to be provided?" The undertaker returned answer, that he would "take care a *bit* should be

provided for his lordship!" And the matter rests. A print of the deceased will shortly be published by Col-nag-hi.

By the way, while speaking of the Lord Mayor, we may observe that his Lordship has been requested to hold the civic chair for twelve months more. We are not surprised at this—it is natural a Don-Key should have a long ear. Need we say *y*?

Henry Hunt, *Esq. M.P.* (Heaven save the mark!) lately called his friend, Daniel O'Connell, "a patriot." We do not know how that may be, but certain it is we seldom hear of a *Pat-riot* without thinking of O'Connell.

"Dr. Bowring and a few others paid a visit to the Lord Mayor, to request his Lordship would call a meeting of the Livery to petition the Upper House to pass the Reform Bill. The Lord Mayor agreed, observing that 'certain fools' had stated the sense of the country to be now averse to the Bill. The report was ridiculously untrue to be sure, but yet, as was well known, 'great fools might work great mischief.'"—*Courier*.

With the recollection of the 9th of November before us, we cheerfully acknowledge the justice of his lordship's observation:

The "*Times*" deprecates what it calls the "foolish ceremonies" which prevail at Coronations—it particularly alludes to the frequent robing and disrobing of His Majesty on the recent occasion. "*Foolish ceremony*," indeed! is it not the highest duty of a Monarch to *re-dress*?

## TO MISS ———.

WERE you but a sweet little priestess, my dear,  
I would frequently come to confess;  
And the crime (if a crime) you would oftenest hear,  
I should think you could readily guess.  
I would kneel on my knee, place my hand upon thine,  
And hope so your favour to win,  
That ere I arose, as a penance divine,  
You would bid me—*remain in my sin*.

J. S. C.

## ALBUM.

## THE HOME OF CHILDHOOD.

By J. S. Clark, Esq.

CAME to the scenes of my earliest youth,  
To the green sunny spot where my in-  
fancy flew,  
While my heart was yet warm'd by the  
sunshine of truth,  
And my pains and my sorrows were  
fleeting and few.

And memory pictured the fair things of old,  
The hearth where my fondest affections  
were set,  
And it seem'd as tho' faces, now pallid and  
cold,  
Were still at the casement, and greeting  
me yet.

Methought, in that moment's delirium, I  
felt  
The hand of a father—a mother's warm  
kiss—  
While sisters press'd on from the home  
where we dwelt,  
To welcome my steps to that circle of  
bliss.

Again the fond look of affection was there,  
The song and the laughter went merrily  
round;  
Such song and such laughter as seraphs  
may hear,  
Nor blush as to Heaven they carry the  
sound.

The dream was ecstatic! it seem'd as tho'  
time

Had turn'd to revisit the joys of the past—  
Oh! why did I wake from that vision sub-  
lime?—

Why revel in thoughts too ethereal to  
last?

For soon, very soon, did I rouse from the  
snare

That memory had spun from the plea-  
sure of yore;

I came to my home, but a stranger was  
there—

"The Hall of my forefathers" knew me  
no more!

The many I lov'd when in life's early morn  
Were changed, or had fled to the home  
of the just;

And I, even I, was so weary and lorn,  
I wish'd that with theirs I could mingle  
my dust.

But thou, like the sun from its drearishome  
tomb,

Arose on my solitude faithful and true,  
And tho' tears would still fall for my deso-  
late home,

I felt that I yet could be happy with  
you.

"Sir," said a publican of Doncaster to  
another, "sir, you have taken away my  
character!" "How so?" said the ac-  
cused, "I never saw or heard of you be-  
fore in the whole course of my life." "No  
matter for that," rejoined the other; "be-  
fore you came here I was reckoned the  
greatest knave in the place!"

JESSE.

Oh tell ye not my lover,  
Lest he perchance should sorrow at the  
tale,

That from the time we parted  
My cheek grew pale—  
Tell him not, tho' he left me for a bride,  
Beauteous, I own, as the bright moon above  
her—

Tell him not that I died  
Love-lorn and broken-hearted.

Tell him not how I perish'd;  
Oh no, no, no, let him not think I pin'd  
Because I was forsaken,  
Or he unkind—

Tell him that for his sweet wife I ever  
pray'd,  
And that his dear, dear name I ever che-  
rish'd

Till I to sleep was laid,  
Where I shall never waken.

Let him not see me carried  
To my cold grave—toll not the passing  
bell—

For he might haply sadden  
To hear that knell.

I would not cost him an unhappy tear;  
But should he come, and ask who died  
unmarried?

Who lies i'the white-plumed bier?  
Say 'tis some unknown maiden.

Bury me 'neath the willow  
That droops in the far corner of the green;  
Amid its hanging tresses

Will not be seen  
So small a grave as mine: garland it  
gay

With flowers to hide my name above my  
pillow;

Then should he pass that way  
He shall not know 'tis Jesse's.

But should he learn my story,  
Bid him not weep, or my sad fate deplore:  
Tell him, I would not have him

Think of me more—  
Remind him of how pale I us'd to be,  
And like to die; but should he be too  
sorry,

Give him this kiss for me,  
And tell him I forgave him.

A parcel of schoolboys going on a holiday to hunt rabbits, agreed to be silent for fear of scaring them; but one of them, as soon as he saw them, exclaimed, "*Ecce cuniculi!*" (Behold the rabbits!) at which they all retreated to their burrows. On being rebuked for his folly, "Why, you know," said the wise youth, "who would have thought that the little wretches understood Latin?"

—  
REPROACH ME NOT.

Oh! gentle shade—reproach me not  
For hours of mirth too late gone by!  
Thy loveliness is ne'er forgot  
However wild the revelry.  
For o'er the silent goblet, thou  
Art still remember'd—and a cloud  
Comes o'er my heart, and o'er my brow;  
And I am lone, while all are loud.

Reproach me not—reproach me not  
For mingling in the noisy scene!  
Mine is indeed a gloomy lot,  
To think on joys which but have been;  
To meditate on woes, which yet  
Must haunt my life, and speed my fall!  
Some minds would struggle to forget,  
But mine would fain remember all!

I think on thee—I think and sigh,—  
Though thoughts are sad, and sighs are vain!

There's something in thy memory  
That gives a loveliness to pain;  
But yet, ah! gentle saint, forgive  
The faults this wretched breast hath known!

Had fate allow'd thee but to live,  
Those shadowing faults had ne'er been shown.

Thy friends are fading from my sight,  
But from my mind they ne'er depart;  
They leave behind them in their flight,  
Their images upon my heart;—  
And better 'twere that all should go  
From this dark world—since thou art gone!

I need no friend to share my woe!  
I love to weep apart—alone.

Thy picture! It is life—health—love—  
To gaze upon that eye—that cheek—  
Those lips which e'en in fancy move—  
Which fancy teaches e'en to speak.  
Oh! I have hung so long at night,  
O'er thy still 'semblance, charm'd from pain,

That I have thought the living light  
Came beaming from those eyes again!

In my dark heart thine image glows,  
In shape and light divinely fair;—

Youth sketch'd the form, when free from woes,

And faithful memory plac'd it there,  
In revelry 'tis still with me;—

In loneliness 'tis ne'er forgot,—  
My heart beats still the same to thee:—  
Reproach me not!—reproach me not!

—  
A gentleman passing through Fleet Market was hailed from the well-known prison by a friend. "Ah, Tom! how came you 'in durance vile?'" demanded the first. "Oh! a very rascally piece of business; I am imprisoned for telling a falsehood!" "Impossible! there must be some mistake!" "No, none at all. I promised to pay my tailor's bill—I did not; and here I am."

—  
A SISTER'S LAMENTATION.

I watch'd the last, faint, gurgling breath;  
And as I mark'd the approach of death,  
How throb'd my tortur'd heart!  
Alas! and could no mortal pow'r  
Suppress the blight, restore the flow'r?  
How vain all human art!

Death bore her body to the tomb,  
And clos'd it in earth's murky womb  
The soul for Heaven a-wing,  
Though now she speeds her rapid flight,  
To bask in everlasting light,  
Yet leaves me suffering.

When stern disease her frame assail'd,  
No terrors o'er her heart prevail'd,  
Though pain her bosom wrung;  
Still with a holy fervour fraught,  
From God's eternal spirit caught,  
To hope's fix'd rock she clung.

From her relaxing eye there stole  
The light of her departing soul,  
That linger'd as she past  
To those bright mansions in the skies,  
Where, 'mid the heavenly paradise,  
Her joys shall bloom at last.

Methinks, alas! I see her yet,  
Her clear blue eye full sparkling, wet  
With hope's unsullied tear:  
There was no sorrow in her sigh—  
Her soul was ready for the sky—  
A captive only here.

No rude complaint escap'd her tongue;  
She never tax'd her God with wrong,  
As many oft have done;  
But calmly waiting for the stroke  
That life's frail thread asunder broke,  
The crown of glory won.



## Notices of Books.

"STILL PLEASED TO PRAISE, YET NOT AFRAID TO BLAME."

MEMOIRS OF COUNT LAVALLETTE. *Written by Himself.* 2 Vols. 8vo. London, 1831. Colburn and Bentley.

It is seldom in a dull season like the present that the publishing world can boast of volumes so deeply interesting as these—volumes over which we may bend from morn till "dewy eve," and yet find neither our inclination flag, nor our eyes grow weary. They are replete with events of a most memorable era, and bring upon the canvas most of the remarkable characters figuring in it. Bonaparte, the hapless and ever-persecuted Bourbons, the good and unfortunate Enghein, receive each their due share of notice; and although the history has not much to boast as regards the correctness or elegance of its diction, it amply repays its deficiency in this respect by the high interest which it possesses. But, fair reader, we are not about to lay before thee the horrid scenes of the French revolution, neither could we hope to rivet thy attention by the demoniac aspirings of Napoleon. We will present a fairer spectacle to your admiring eyes—a lovely woman, the most faithful when danger rages the most fiercely, submitting herself as a willing sacrifice at the shrine of the life and liberty of an imprisoned husband. Who has not heard of the "famed Lavallette," and who ever heard of her without admiring the deep devotedness of a love like her's? The latter is the more extraordinary, from the manner in which the marriage was brought about. Read, we pray thee!

"One day," he observes, "when I had accompanied Bonaparte to the Treasury, to expedite the sending off of the sums that were required at Toulon for the fleet, he ordered his coachman to drive along the new Boulevards that he might have at his leisure a conversation with me. 'I cannot make a major of you,' he said: 'I must therefore give you a wife; you shall marry Emilie de Beaubarnais. She is very handsome, and very well educated. Do you know her?' 'I have seen her twice. But, general, I have no fortune. We are going to Africa: I may be killed—what will become, in that case, of my poor widow? Besides, I have no great liking for marriage.' 'Men must marry to have children—that is the chief aim of life. Killed you certainly may be. Well, in that case she will be the widow of one of my aides-de-camp—of a defender of his country. She will have a pension, and may again marry advantageously. Now, Oct. 1831.

she is the daughter of an emigrant that nobody will have: my wife cannot introduce her into society. She, poor girl! deserves a better fate. Come, this business must be quickly settled. Talk this morning with Madame Bonaparte about it: the mother has already given her consent. The wedding shall take place in eight days; I will allow you a fortnight for your honeymoon. You must then come and join us at Toulon on the 29th.' (It was then the 9th.) I could not help laughing all the while he spoke: at last I said, 'I will do whatever you please. But will the girl have me? I do not wish to force her inclinations.' 'She is tired of her boarding-school, and she would be unhappy if she were to go to her mother's. During your absence, she shall live with her grandfather at Fontainebleau. You will not be killed; and you will find her when you come back. Come, come! the thing is settled. Tell the coachman to drive home.'

"In the evening I went to see Madame Bonaparte. She knew what was going forward, and was kind enough to show some satisfaction, and call me her nephew. 'To-morrow,' she said, 'we shall all go to St. Germain. I will introduce you to my niece. You will be delighted with her: she is a charming girl!'

"Accordingly, next day, the general, Madame Bonaparte, Eugene, and I, went in an open carriage to St. Germain, and stopped at Madame Campan's. The visit was a great event at the boarding-school: all the young girls were at the windows, in the parlours, or in the court-yard, for they had obtained a holiday. We soon entered the gardens. Among the forty young ladies, I sought anxiously for her who was to be my wife. Her cousin, Hortense, led her to us, that she might salute the general, and embrace her aunt. She was, in truth, the prettiest of them all. Her stature was tall, and most gracefully elegant; her features were charming; and the glow of her beautiful complexion was heightened by her confusion. Her bashfulness was so great that the general could not help laughing at her; but he went no farther. It was decided that we should breakfast on the grass in the garden. In the mean while I felt extremely uneasy. Would she obey without reluctance? This abrupt marriage, and this speedy departure, grieved me. When we got up, and the circle was broken, I begged Eugene to conduct his cousin into a solitary walk. I

joined them, and he left us. I then entered on the delicate subject. I made no secret of my birth, nor of my want of fortune; and added—"I possess nothing in the world but my sword, and the good-will of the general; and I must leave you in a fortnight. Open your heart to me. I feel myself disposed to love you with all my soul; but that is not sufficient. If this marriage does not please you, repose a full confidence in me; it will not be difficult to find a pretext to break it off. I shall depart; you will not be tormented, for I will keep your secret."

"While I was speaking, she kept her eyes fixed on the ground; her only answer was a smile, and she gave me the nosegay she held in her hand. I embraced her. We returned slowly to the company; and eight days afterwards we went to the municipality. The following day, a poor priest who had not taken the oaths, married us in the small convent of the Conception, in the Rue St. Honoré. This was in some manner forbidden, but Emilie set a great importance on that point: her piety was gentle and sincere."

We will pass over the intervening occurrences, and arrive at once at the hour when she ratified the character here given of her, by an act which has rendered her name immortal. Our space will, however, only permit us to give an abridged detail—

"My wife came at six o'clock to dine with me. She brought with her a relation, Mademoiselle Dubourg. When we were alone, she said: 'It appears but too certain that we have nothing to hope; we must therefore, my dear, take a resolution, and this is what I propose to you. At eight o'clock you shall go out in my clothes, and accompanied by my cousin. You shall step into my sedan chair, which will carry you to the Rue des St. Peres, where you will find M. Baudus with a cabriolet, who will conduct you to a retreat he has prepared for you, and where you may await, without danger, a favourable opportunity of leaving France.'

"I listened to her, and looked at her in silence. Her manner was calm, and her voice firm. She appeared so convinced of the success of her plan, that it was some time before I dared to reply. I looked, however, upon the whole as a mad undertaking. I was at last obliged to tell her so; but she interrupted me at the first word, by saying, 'I will hear of no objections. I die if you die. Do not therefore reject my plan. I know it will succeed. I feel that God supports me!' \* \* \* 'What will they do,' I said, 'when they discover that I am gone? These brutes, in their blind

rage, will they not forget themselves, and perhaps strike you?' I was going on, but I soon saw, by the paleness of her countenance, and the movements of convulsive impatience that were beginning to agitate her, that I ought to put an end to all objections. I remained silent for a few minutes, at the end of which I continued thus: 'Well, then, I shall do as you please; but if you want to succeed, permit me to make at least one observation. The cabriolet is too far off. I shall be scarcely gone when my flight will be discovered, and I shall most undoubtedly be stopped in the chair, for near an hour is required to go to the Rue des St. Peres. I cannot escape on foot with your clothes.' This reflection seemed to strike her. 'Change,' I added, 'that part of your plan. The whole of to-morrow is still at our disposal: I promise to do to-morrow all you wish.' 'Well, you are in the right. I will have the cabriolet stationed near. Give me your word that you will obey me, for that is our last resource.' I took her hand and answered: 'I will do all you wish, and in the manner you wish it.' This promise made her easy, and we separated."

She came again on the ensuing day, accompanied by her daughter:—

"She was dressed in a pelisse of meringe richly lined with fur, which she was accustomed to put on over her light dress on leaving a ball room. She had taken in her reticule a black silk petticoat. 'This is quite sufficient,' she said, 'to disguise you completely.' She then sent my daughter to the window, and added in a low voice, 'At seven o'clock precisely you must be ready; all is well prepared. In going out you will take hold of Josephine's arm. Take care to walk very slowly; and when you cross the large registering-room, you will put on my gloves, and cover your face with my handkerchief. I had some thoughts of putting on a veil, but unfortunately I have not been accustomed to wear one when I come here; it is therefore of no use to think of it. Take great care, when you pass under the doors, which are very low, not to break the feathers of your bonnet, for then all would be lost. I always find the turnkeys in the registering-room, and the gaoler generally hands me to my chair, which constantly stands near the entrance door; but this time it will be in the yard, at the top of the grand stair case. There you will be met after a short time by M. Baudus, who will lead you to the cabriolet, and will acquaint you with the place where you are to remain concealed. Afterwards, let God's will be done, my dear. Do exactly all I tell you. Remain calm. Give

me your hand, I wish to feel your pulse. Very well. Now feel mine. Does it denote the slightest emotion?' I could perceive that she was in a high fever. 'But above all things,' she added, 'let us not give way to our feelings, that would be our ruin.' \* \*

"She then called my daughter, and said to her, 'Listen attentively, child, to what I am going to say to you, for I shall make you repeat it. I shall go away this evening at seven o'clock instead of eight; you must walk behind me, because you know that the doors are narrow; but when we enter the long registering-room, take care to place yourself on my left hand. The gaoler is accustomed to offer me his arm on that side, and I do not choose to take it. When we are out of the iron gate, and ready to go up the outside staircase, then pass to my right-hand, that those impertinent gendarmes of the guard-house may not stare in my face as they always do. Have you understood me well?' The child repeated the instructions with wonderful exactness. \* \*

"Dinner was at last brought up. Just as we were going to sit down to table, an old nurse of ours, Madame Dutoit, who had accompanied Josephine, came in very ill.

\* \* Far from being useful to us, the poor woman only added to our confusion. She might lose her presence of mind at the sight of my disguise; but what was to be done? The first object was to make her cease her moanings, and Emilie said to her in a low but firm voice, 'No childishness. Sit down to table, but do not eat; hold your tongue, and keep this smelling-bottle to your nose. In less than an hour you will be in the open air.'

"This meal, which, to all appearance, was to be the last of my life, was terrible. The bits stopped in our throats; not a word was uttered by any of us, and in that situation we were to pass almost an hour. Six and three-quarters struck at last. 'I only want five minutes, but I must speak to Bonneville,' said Madame de Lavallette. She pulled the bell, and the valet-de-chambre came in; she took him aside, whispered a few words to him, and added aloud, 'Take care that the chairmen be at their posts, for I am coming.—Now,' she said to me, 'it is time to dress.'

"A part of my room was divided off by a screen, and formed a sort of dressing-closet. \* \* In less than three minutes my toilet was complete. \* \* I pulled the bell. 'Adieu!' she said, raising her eyes to Heaven. I pressed her arm with my trembling hand, and we exchanged a look. If we had embraced, we had been

ruined. The turnkey was heard; Emilie flew behind the screen; the door opened; I passed first, then my daughter, and lastly Madame Dutoit. After having crossed the passage, I arrived at the door of the registering-room. I was obliged, at the same time, to raise my foot and to stoop, lest the feathers of my bonnet should catch at the top of the door. I succeeded; but, on raising myself again, I found myself in the large apartment, in the presence of five turnkeys, sitting, standing, and coming in my way. I put my handkerchief to my face, and was waiting for my daughter to place herself on my left hand. The child, however, took my right hand; and the gaoler, coming down the stairs of his apartment, which was on the left hand, came up to me without hindrance, and, putting his hand on my arm, said to me, 'You are going away early, madame.' He appeared much affected, and undoubtedly thought my wife had taken an everlasting leave of her husband. It has been said, that my daughter and I sobbed aloud; the fact is, we scarcely dared to sigh. I at last reached the end of the room. A turnkey sits there day and night, in a large arm-chair, and in a space so narrow, that he can keep his hands on the keys of two doors, one of iron bars, and the other towards the outer part, and which is called the first wicket. This man looked at me without opening his doors. I passed my right hand between the bars, to show him I wished to go out. He turned, at last, his two keys, and we got out. \* \*

"At last, I slowly reached the last step, and went into the chair that stood a yard or two distant. But no chairman, no servant was there. My daughter and the old woman remained standing next to the vehicle, with a sentry at six paces from them, immovable, and his eyes fixed on me. A violent degree of agitation began to mingle with my astonishment. My looks were directed towards the sentry's musket, like those of a serpent towards his prey. It almost seemed to me that I held that musket in my grasp. At the first emotion, at the first noise, I was resolved to seize it. I felt as if I possessed the strength of ten men; and I would most certainly have killed whoever had attempted to lay hands on me. This terrible situation lasted about two minutes; but they seemed to me as long as a whole night. At last I heard Bonneville's voice saying to me, 'One of the chairmen was not punctual, but I have found another.' At the same instant, I felt myself raised. The chair passed through the great court, and, on getting out, turned to the right. We proceeded to the

Quai des Orfèvres, facing the Rue de Harlay."

Reader, would you know further of the fate and fortunes of Lavallette and his adoring wife? We refer to the volumes themselves, hoping that you will derive as much pleasure in their perusal as we ourselves have done.

—  
HYMNS FOR CHILDREN. *By the Rev. W. Fletcher.* Hailes, Piccadilly. 1831.

We spoke favourably of this pretty little nursery volume in our last, and we merely refer to it again to give the following extract, which will prove the justice of the good opinion which we then expressed:—

A CRADLE SONG.

Baby brother, lie in peace,  
With thy hand beneath thy head;  
Let thy little troubles cease,  
Holy angels watch thy bed.  
Here in safety thou may'st sleep  
All the darksome night away,  
For the Lord himself will keep  
Thee by night as well as day.  
Here thou needest fear no harm,  
Thee no dangers can come nigh;  
Nothing may thy soul alarm,  
When thy God is watching by.  
He will breathe His silence round,  
And thine eye-lids gently close;  
So shalt thou in gloom profound,  
Sink in soft and still repose.  
Then, my little brother, rest  
Sweetly till the coming day;  
In thy cradle's downy nest  
Slumber all thy cares away.  
Blessings many rest on thee,  
Blessings of a parent's love;  
Blessings rich, and great, and free,  
Blessings of thy God above.

—  
KEY TO THE FAMILIAR GERMAN EXERCISES. *Adapted to the compendious German Grammar, by A. Bernays.* Treuttel and Wurtz. London. 1831.

The professor of German language in the King's College, has, by the publication of this work, produced a succinct course of instruction in that difficult language, and to those who know the excellence of the volumes already published, nothing more need be said of the present, than that it completes the series. From its very nature, a "Key to Exercises" offers nothing for critical remark, and we should have been content to have left this little work to its own merits, but for the opportunity which this notice will fairly afford of again calling the attention of the public to the "Gram-

mar" and "Exercises" which have preceded it; in all of which the Professor has executed his task very ably, and will, we doubt not, reap the ample harvest of popularity he so justly merits.

—  
ENTHUSIASM; and other Poems. *By Susanna Strickland, (now Mrs. Moodie.)* London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 1831.

'Comparisons,' saith the adage, 'are odious,' yet we will on this occasion run the risk of overstepping somewhat the bounds of propriety, and pronounce Mrs. Moodie to be the most talented of a gifted and amiable family. Her poetic effusions exhibit such an ease and versatility, her numbers flow so smoothly, and yet bear with them such proofs of a good and well cultivated understanding, that we hardly know whether to yield the palm of excellence to the manner or the matter. But as the garden, however beautiful, will now and then be encumbered with a weed, so do the productions of our poetess, at times, manifest a want of judicious care. We will presently be more explicit. The present very beautiful volume is dedicated to James Montgomery. The first of the poems is in blank verse, and gives free vent to the pure breathings of a devotional mind, in a strain of exalted and genuine poesy. "Fame" immediately follows, and possesses great merit. The subsequent minor poems have each, with one or two exceptions, their several excellencies. But Mrs. Moodie must show more nicety in her choice of metre. In the Paraphrase on the 40th chapter of Isaiah, for example, the antipestic is preferred to the heroic metre! and what a falling off is there consequently from the sublime grandeur of the original; take one verse—"O Zion, that bringest good tidings, get thee up into the high mountain; O Jerusalem, that bringest good tidings, lift up thy voice with strength; lift it up, be not afraid; say unto the cities of Judah, Behold your God!"

Read the Paraphrase:

"O Zion, that bringest good tidings of peace, Raise thy voice in the song, thy afflictions shall cease;

Arise in thy strength, banish every base fear, Tell the cities of Judah redemption is near."

Need we say a word more? Is it not like the puny trickling of a rivulet compared to the majestic rolling of the Atlantic? "The Destruction of Babylon" proves to us that Mrs. Moodie can write in the heroic strain, and we will convince our readers of her ability.

"Woe for thee, Babylon!—thy men of might

Shall fall unhonoured in the sanguine fight:



like the chased roe thy hosts disordered fly,  
and those who turn to strive but turn to die.

thy young men tremble and thy maids grow pale,  
and swell with frantic grief thy funeral wail;

they kneel for mercy, but they sue in vain;  
their beauty withers on the gore-dyed plain;

With fathers, lovers, brothers, meet their doom,

and 'mid thy blackened ruins find a tomb.  
Of fear unconscious, in soft slumbers blest,

the infant dies upon its mother's breast,  
unpitied e'en by her—the hand that gave the blow has sent the parent to the grave.

Queen of the East! all desolate and lone,  
no more shall nations bow before thy throne.

Low in the dust thy boasted beauty lies;  
loud through thy princely domes the bittern cries,

And the night wind in mournful cadence sighs.

The step of man and childhood's joyous voice

are heard no more, and never shall rejoice  
thy lonely echoes; savage beasts shall come

And find among thy palaces a home.

The dragon there shall rear her scaly brood,  
And satyrs dance where once thy temples stood;

The lion, roaming on his angry way,  
shall on thy sacred altars rend his prey;

The distant isles at midnight gloom shall hear

their frightful clamours, and, in secret, fear.

No more their snowy flocks shall shepherd lead

By Babel's silver stream and fertile mead;  
Or peasant girls at summer's eve repair,

To wreath with wilding flowers their flowing hair;

Or pour their plaintive ditties to the wave,  
That rolls its sullen murmurs o'er the grave.

The wandering Arabs there no rest shall find,

But, starting, listen to the hollow wind  
That howls, prophetic, through thy ruined halls,

And flee in haste from thy accursed walls.

Oh Babylon, with wrath encompassed round,

For thee no hope, no mercy, shall be found;  
Thy doom is sealed—e'en to thy ruin clings

The awful sentence of the King of kings!"

*En passant*, we may as well mention an oversight which can be corrected in a second edition, for to this we doubt not these beautiful poems will speedily reach. At pages 98 and 178, "morn" is made to rhyme with "storm," and this will, we think,

justify our charge of occasional carelessness. We shall now give in conclusion one farther extract, and have only to remark, that however highly we may have previously rated this lady's talent, our admiration is greatly increased by the beautiful poems before us. We have thought it our duty to particularize certain defects easily to be remedied; and our doing thus is a sufficient proof how much we esteem the productions of her muse. Mrs. Moodie has attained a high rank among our female bards—it is our earnest desire that she may keep it.

## THE VISION OF DRY BONES.

EZEKIEL XXXVII.

The Spirit of God with resistless control,  
Like a sunbeam, illumined the depths of my soul,

And visions prophetic burst on my sight,  
As he carried me forth in the power of his might.

Around me I saw in a desolate heap  
The relics of those who had slept their death-sleep,

In the midst of the valley all reckless and bare,

Like the hope of my country, lie withering there.—

"Son of man! can these dry bones, long bleached in decay,

Ever feel in their flesh the warm beams of the day;

Can the spirit of life ever enter again  
The perishing heaps that now whiten the plain?"

"Lord, thou knowest alone, who their being first gave:

Thy power may be felt in the depths of the grave;

The hand that created again may impart  
The rich tide of feeling and life to the heart.

"Lo, these dry bones are withered and shrunk in the blast,

O'er their ashes the tempests of ages have past;

And the flesh that once covered each mouldering frame

With the dust of the earth is remingled again:—

At the voice of their God, son of man, they shall rise;

The light shall revisit their death-darkened eyes;

Their sinews and flesh shall again be restored,

They shall live and acknowledge the power of the Lord!"

And lo! as I prophesied o'er them, a sound,  
Like the rushing of water, was heard all around:

The earth trembled and shook like a leaf  
in the wind,  
As those long-severed limbs to each other  
were joined,  
And flesh came upon them, and beauty and  
grace  
Returned, as in life, to each warrior's face.  
A numberless host they lay stretched on the  
sod,  
All glowing and fresh from the hand of their  
God.

But the deep sleep of death on each eyelid  
still hung;  
Each figure was motionless, mute every  
tongue :  
Through those slumbering thousands there  
breathed not a sound,  
And silence, unbroken, reigned awfully  
round :—

“ Raise thy voice, son of man ! call the  
winds from on high,  
As viewless they sweep o'er the brow of the  
sky ;  
And life shall return on the wings of the  
blast,  
And the slumber of death shall be broken  
at last.”

I called to the wind—and a deep answer  
came  
In the rush of the tempest, the bursting of  
flame ;  
And the spirit of life, as it breathed on the  
dead,  
Restored to each body the soul that had  
fled.  
Rejoicing to break from that dreamless re-  
pose,  
Like a host in the dark day of battle they  
rose ;  
He alone who had formed them could num-  
ber again  
The myriads that filled all the valley and  
plain.

“ Son of man ! in this numerous army be-  
hold  
My chosen of Israel, beloved of old.  
They say that the hope of existence is o'er,  
That no power from death's grasp can the  
spirit restore :  
He who called you my people is mighty to  
save,  
Your God can re-open the gates of the  
grave ;  
From the chain of oblivion the soul can  
release,  
And restore you again to your country in  
peace !”

LARDNER'S CABINET LIBRARY. No. 5.  
*Memoirs of the Life and Reign of George*  
*IV.* Vol. 2. London. Longman. 1831.  
This volume comprises a period of peculiar  
interest to the contemplations of every

Englishman, and we regret that in many  
instances the author has allowed his politi-  
cal bias to shroud the brightness of the  
glory which irradiates the historical annals  
of our country during the fourteen years  
which he treats, commencing with the  
Union, in 1800, and concluding with the  
Proclamation of Peace, in 1814, and the  
departure of the Sovereigns from Dover.  
It is refulgent in the naval and military  
supremacy of England. A Nelson and  
Wellington spread her fame and established  
her greatness over every portion of the  
civilized world abroad ; while, at home,  
her senate was conspicuous for the bril-  
liancy and ability of its orators ; and the  
names of Pitt and Fox will be transmitted  
to posterity as master-spirits divided yet  
united in their political career, and rivalled  
with all those qualities which belong to  
senatorial excellence.

The Union with Ireland, although it has  
been the subject of abundant discussion,  
was yet an act of admirable statesmanship ;  
and if the manner in which it was effected  
be liable to censure, yet the evil which is  
averted must be regarded as an ample  
atonement. Had the Union not been  
brought about, a separation would have  
taken place.—P. 2. We hasten, however,  
from the record of events merely political,  
with which every one is more or less ac-  
quainted, and which all invest with the pe-  
culiar shade of private opinion, in order  
that we may present to our readers one or  
two extracts on which there can be no dif-  
ference of feeling. The brilliant career of  
the Duke of Wellington in his campaigns  
of the Peninsular war has been the theme  
of so much just and proper praise, that it  
would be vain as it would be useless to  
dwell on its unrivalled splendour here : we  
will content ourselves by transcribing the  
record of his sovereign's gratitude and ad-  
miration, and the evidences of the rap-  
turous enthusiasm of the representatives of  
the people.

“ Among the trophies of this victory,  
(Vittoria) was the baton of Marshal Jour-  
dan, taken by the 37th regiment. Lord  
Wellington sent it over with the despatches  
to the prince regent, who presented him  
the baton of a British field-marshal, with  
the following, letter in return :—

“ Carlton House, July 3, 1813.

“ MY DEAR LORD,—Your glorious con-  
duct is beyond all human praise, and far  
above my reward ; I know no language the  
world affords worthy to express it. I feel  
I have nothing left to say, but devoutly to  
offer up my prayers of gratitude to Provi-  
dence, that it has, in its omnipotent bounty,  
blessed my country and myself with such a  
general. You have sent me among the

phies of your unrivalled fame, the staff of a French marshal, and I send you in return that of England. The British army will hail it with enthusiasm, while the whole universe will acknowledge those glorious efforts which have so imperiously called for it. That uninterrupted health, and still increasing laurels, may continue to crown you through a glorious and long career of life, are the never ceasing and most ardent wishes of, my dear lord, your very sincere and faithful friend,

"G. P. R.

"*The Marquis of Wellington.*"

While this victory was being celebrated in England by every species of rejoicing, the Duke of Wellington was fighting his way to the frontier of France. The campaign of 1814 terminated the tremendous struggle which had so long convulsed Europe. On the duke's return to England the House of Commons proposed to confer upon him the unprecedented distinction of sending a deputation to offer him its thanks, and congratulations on his return to his country. The duke expressed a wish to receive and acknowledge, in person, the thanks and congratulations of the house. The 1st of July was appointed for that purpose.

"It may be proper to describe in detail this unprecedented and unique scene:—

"Lord Castlereagh stated, that in consequence of the intimation of the house, the Duke of Wellington was in attendance.

"The speaker asked, 'Is it the pleasure of the house that his grace be called in?'

"A loud and universal 'Ay!' decided the affirmative. The huzzas in the lobby announced the duke's approach. On his entrance, dressed in a field-marshal's uniform, profusely decorated with military orders, and bowing repeatedly to the house, all the members, uncovered, rose, and enthusiastically cheered him.

"The speaker addressed him—'My lord, the house has ordered a chair to be placed for you to repose on.'

"The duke seated himself in the chair, and put his hat on. The members of the house then seated themselves. The duke instantly rose, took off his hat, and addressed the speaker to the following effect:—

"Mr. speaker, I was anxious to be permitted to attend this house, in order to return my thanks in person for the honour done me in deputing a committee of the house to congratulate me on my return to this country. After the house had animated my exertions by their applause on every occasion that appeared to them to merit their approbation; and after they had filled up the measure of their favours

in the bill by which they followed up the gracious favour of his royal highness the prince regent in conferring upon me the noblest gift a subject has ever received, I hope I shall not be thought presumptuous if I take this opportunity of expressing my admiration of the great efforts made by this house, and by the country, at a moment of unexampled pressure and difficulty, in order to support, on a great scale, those operations by which the contest in which we were engaged has been brought to so fortunate a conclusion. By the wise policy of parliament, government were enabled to give the necessary support to the operations carried on under my direction. The confidence reposed in me by his majesty's ministers and by the commander-in-chief, the gracious favours conferred on me by his royal highness the prince regent, and the reliance I had on the support of my gallant friends the general officers, and the bravery of the officers and troops of the army, encouraged me to carry on the operations in which I was engaged in such a manner as to draw from this house those repeated marks of their approbation, for which I now return them my humble acknowledgments. Sir, it is impossible for me to express the gratitude which I feel. I can only assure the house, that I shall always be ready to serve my king and country in any capacity in which my services may be considered as useful or necessary.

"Loud cheers followed this speech, at the conclusion of which, the speaker rose, took off his hat, and addressed the Duke of Wellington as follows:—'My lord, since last I had the honour of addressing you from this place, a series of eventful years have elapsed; but none without some mark and note of your rising glory. The military triumphs which your valour has achieved upon the banks of the Douro, and the Tagus, of the Ebro, and the Garonne, have called forth the spontaneous shouts of admiring nations. Those triumphs it is needless on this day to recount. Their names have been written by your conquering sword in the annals of Europe, and we shall hand them down with exultation to our children's children. It is not, however, the grandeur of military success which has alone fixed our admiration, or commanded our applauses; it has been that generous and lofty spirit which inspired your troops with unbounded confidence, and taught them to know that the day of battle was always a day of victory; that moral courage and enduring fortitude, which in perilous times, when gloom and doubt had beset ordinary minds, stood

nevertheless unshaken; and that ascendancy of character which, uniting the energies of jealous and rival nations, enabled you to wield at will the fate and fortunes of mighty empires. For the repeated thanks and grants bestowed upon you by this house, in gratitude for your many and eminent services, you have thought fit to offer us your acknowledgments; but this nation well knows that it is still largely your debtor. It owes to you the proud satisfaction, that amidst the constellation of illustrious warriors, who have recently visited our country, we could present to them a leader of our own, to whom all, by common acclamation, conceded the pre-eminence; and when the will of Heaven, and the common destinies of our nature, shall have swept away the present generation, you will have left your great name an imperishable monument, exciting others to like deeds of glory, and serving at once to adorn, defend, and perpetuate the existence of this country amongst the ruling nations of the earth. It now remains only that we congratulate your grace upon the high and important mission on which you are about to proceed, and we doubt not, that the same splendid talents, so conspicuous in war, will maintain with equal authority, firmness, and temper, our national honour and interests in peace.'

"During the speaker's address, the cheers were loud and frequent; and at the close of it there was a general and long-continued cheering. The duke then took his leave, bowing repeatedly as he retired, and all the members, as at his entrance, uncovered, rose, and cheered him.

"Lord Castlereagh said, 'Sir, in commemoration of so proud and so grateful a day—a day on which we have had the happiness to witness within these walls the presence of a hero, never excelled at any period of the world, in the service of this or of any other country—in commemoration of the eloquent manner in which that hero was addressed from the chair, on an occasion which must ever be dear to Englishmen, and which will ever shed lustre on the annals of this house, I move, sir, that the address of field-marshal his grace the Duke of Wellington, and your reply, be entered on the journals of this house.'

"The speaker put the motion, which was carried by acclamation."

CABINET CYCLOPEDIA. *History of Poland.*  
Longman. London. 1831.

This volume forms the 20th Number of Dr. Lardner's work, and is one of considerable interest, particularly at the present moment, when the eyes, as well as the sympathies,

of the greatest portion of the civilized world, are directed towards the brave, but unsuccessful struggle of the Poles for freedom. The author appears to have approached his subject with that fair and reasonable view of events and their consequences, which is so little fostered by the numerous historians of the present day. With regard to the work itself, we have pleasure in recording our mite of praise to the learned and laborious investigations of the author, and we must not omit to observe, that the moral observations which are interspersed throughout its pages, are the evidences of a pure and high judgment, and the result of a calm and accurate discrimination of causes and their effects. The following is an appalling picture of the interregnum which occurred after the death of Miecislav the Idle, between the years 1034 and 1041:—

"Poland was now doomed to experience the fatal truth, that any permanent government, no matter how tyrannical, weak, or contemptible, is beyond all measure superior to anarchy. Miecislav the Idle left a son of an age too tender to be intrusted with the reins of the monarchy; and his widow Rixa was accordingly declared regent of the kingdom, and guardian of the prince. But that queen was unable to control the haughtiness of chiefs who despised the sway of a woman, and who detested her as a German; of all Germans, too, the most hated, as belonging to the archducal house of Austria. She added to their discontent by the evident partiality she showed towards her own countrymen, of whom it is said numbers flocked to share in the spoils of Poland. Complaints followed on the one side, without redress on the other; these were succeeded by remonstrances, then by menaces, until a confederacy was formed by the discontented nobles, whose ostensible object was to procure the dismissal of foreigners, but whose real one was to seize on the supreme authority. They succeeded in both: all foreigners were expelled the kingdom, and with them the regent. Whether Casimir, her son, shared her flight, or immediately followed her, is uncertain; but Europe soon beheld both in Saxony, claiming the protection of their kinsman, the emperor Conrad II.

"The picture, drawn even by native historians, of the miseries sustained by the country after the expulsion of the queen and prince, is in the highest degree revolting. There was, say they, no authority, no law, and consequently no obedience. Innumerable parties contended for the supreme power; and the strongest naturally



triumphed, but not until numbers were exterminated. As there was no tribunal to which the disputants could appeal, no chief, no council, no house of legislature, the sword only could decide their pretensions. The triumph was brief: a combination still more powerful arose to hurl the successful party from its blood-stained pre-eminence; and this latter, in turn, became the victim of a new association, as guilty and as short-lived as itself. Then the palatins or governors of provinces asserted their independence of the self-constituted authority at Gnesna. The whole country, indeed, was cursed by the lawless rule of petty local sovereigns, who made an exterminating war on each other, and ravaged each other's territories with as much impunity as greater potentates. One Masos, who had been cup-bearer to the late king, seized by force on the country between the Vistula, the Narew, and the Bug, which he governed despotically, and which to this day is named from him, *Masovia*.

"But a still greater evil was the general rising of the peasants, whose first object was to revenge themselves of the petty tyrants that oppressed them, but who, through the very success of the attempt, were, as must in all times and in all places be the case, only the more incited to greater undertakings. However beautiful the gradation of ranks which law and custom have established in society, the lowest class will not admire it, but will assuredly endeavour to rise higher in the scale, whenever opportunity holds out a prospect of success. Hence the necessity of laws backed by competent authority to curb this everlasting tendency of the multitude: let the barrier which separates the mob from the more favoured orders be once weakened, and it will soon be thrown down to make way for the most tremendous of inundations, one that will sweep away the landmarks of society, level all that is noble or valuable, and leave nothing but a vast waste, where the evil passions of men may find a fit theatre for further conflict. Such, we are told, was the state of Poland during the universal reign of anarchy. The peasants, from ministers of righteous justice, became plunderers and murderers, and were infected with all the vices of human nature. Armed bands scoured the country, seizing on all that was valuable, consuming all that could not be carried away, violating the women, massacring old and young; priests and bishops were slain at the altar; nuns ravished in the depths of the cloisters. To add to horrors which had never before, perhaps, been paralleled among Christian nations, came the scourge of foreign inva-

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sion, and that too in the most revolting forms. On one side Predislas duke of Bohemia sacked Breslaw, Posnanian, and Gnesna, consuming every thing with fire and sword; on another advanced the savage Yaroslaf, who made a desert as he passed along. Had not the former been recalled by preparations of war against his own dominions, and had not the latter thought proper to return home when he had amassed as much plunder as could be carried away, and made as many captives (to be sold as slaves) as his followers could guard, Poland had no longer been a nation. Even now she was little better than a desert. Instead of the cheerful hum of men, her cities exhibited smoking ruins, and her fields nothing but the furrows left by 'the plough of desolation.' Countless thousands had been massacred; thousands more had fled from the destroying scene. Those who remained had little hope that the present calm would continue; the evil power was rather exhausted than spent. But the terrific lesson had not been lost on them; they now looked forward to the restoration of the monarchy as the only means of averting foreign invasion, and the heavier curse of anarchy. An assembly was convoked by the archbishop at Gnesna. All, except a few lawless chiefs who hoped to perpetuate a state of things where force only was recognized, voted for a king; and, after some deliberation, an overwhelming majority decreed the recal of prince Casimir.

"But where was the prince to be found? No one knew the place of his retreat. A deputation waited on queen Rixa, who was at length persuaded to reveal it. But here, too, an unexpected difficulty intervened: Casimir had actually taken the cowl in the abbey of Clugni. The deputies were not dismayed; they proceeded to his cloister, threw themselves at his feet, and besought him with tears to have pity on his country. 'We come unto thee, dearest prince, in the name of all the bishops, barons, and nobles of the Polish kingdom, since thou alone canst restore our country and thy rightful heritage.' They prayed him to return them good for evil, and drew so pathetic a picture of the woes of his native land, that he acceded to their wishes. He allowed an application to be made to Benedict IX. to disengage him from his monastic engagements, who, after exacting some concessions from the Polish nobles and clergy, absolved him from his vows. He accordingly bade adieu to his cell, and set out to gratify the expectations of his subjects, by whom he was received with the most enthusiastic demonstrations of joy, and justly hailed as their saviour."

One more extract, and we have done. It is a short sketch of the character and conduct of the Princess Hedwig, who ascended the throne on the death of Lewis in 1382:—

"The beauty of this princess, her affability, her virtues, discernible even at that tender age, and above all her crown, soon brought her many suitors. Among them was the duke of Mazovia; but the evils his ambition had brought on the country (his ravages had never ceased since the death of Lewis) caused his rejection. The most powerful was Jagello, son of Gedymin, duke of Lithuania, and his proposals most advantageous to the nation. He offered not only to abjure paganism, and to introduce the Christian faith into his hereditary dominions,—Lithuania, Samogitia, and a portion of Russia,—but to incorporate these dominions with the Polish crown, and even to reconquer Silesia, Pomerania, and the other territories formerly dependent on it. His pretensions were instantly supported by the whole nation; but a difficulty intervened which threatened to blast its fairest hopes.

"Young as was the queen, she had long loved, and been affianced to, William Duke of Austria. In a virtuous heart such a passion could not be readily sacrificed. She remembered his elegant form, his pleasing manners, and, above all, the tender affection he had shown her in her childhood; and she could not avoid contrasting him with the rude, savage, uncomely pagan. Her subjects well knew what passed in her mind; they knew too that she had written to hasten the arrival of Duke William; they watched her day and night, intercepted her letters, and kept her like a prisoner within her own palace. When her lover arrived he was not permitted to approach her. She wished to see him once—but once—to bid him a last adieu; in vain. Irritated, or perhaps desperate at the refusal, she one day seized a hatchet, with which she threatened to break open her iron gates to admit the duke; and it was not without difficulty that she was forced to desist from her purpose. This was a paroxysm of the passion scarcely to be wondered at in one of her strong feelings. But she was blessed with an understanding remarkably clear for her years: in her cooler moments she perceived the advantages that must accrue to her people from her acceptance of Jagello; and, after a few violent struggles with nature, she resolved to see the formidable barbarian, and, if possible, to subdue the repugnance she felt for him. He arrived, and did not displease her. His baptism, by the name of *Uladistas*,—

a name dear to the Poles,—his marriage, and coronation, followed. The disappointed Duke of Austria long concealed himself in Cracow, in the hope that a first love would eventually plead for him. On one occasion he hid himself in a chimney, to escape the pursuit of men who were anxious to remove him from the city and country; and when, from the success of his rival, he indignantly left Cracow, he left his treasures behind him,—treasures which had doubtless lost all value in his eyes. There is something exceedingly romantic in the attachment of these royal lovers. By sacrificing the heart's best and purest affections, Hedwig attained the dignity of heroism; but she might be excused if, after her union with a jealous though fond husband, she looked back with a sigh to the destruction of her earthly hopes."

TALES OF THE LATE REVOLUTIONS. By F. W. N. Bayley. 12mo. London, W. H. Dalton. Second notice.

In our last Number we spoke (though cursorily) in terms of such high praise, in adverting to this little volume, that to dwell further in the language of panegyric, may appear altogether uncalled for. We will therefore only say, that we have again perused Mr. Bayley's work, and found not the least reason to regret the favourable character we advanced regarding it. An extract has been given from the prose, and we now proceed, as promised, to afford a specimen of the poetry—such as we doubt not our fair readers will deem replete with great elegance, taste, and feeling. It is a fragment from a beautiful subject, entitled

#### THE WIDOW'S NARRATIVE.

My lover bore me o'er the sea  
For many a happy year;  
And tho' dark dangers threaten'd oft,  
With him I knew no fear:  
I ever felt myself secure,  
If I might sink to rest,  
E'en mid the thunder's awful roar,  
Upon my minstrel's breast.

But we had other dearer links  
In sweet affection's bond,  
To bind two loving hearts in one,  
That ever were so fond!  
Cherubs, too beautiful for earth,  
Too earthly all for heaven;  
Young ocean-babes, of ocean-love,  
The holiest pledges given!

We could not choose but love them both,  
They were such tender flowers;—  
The firstlings of our flock,—the hopes  
Of all our happiest hours:

Things that brought music to our hearts,  
And bliss into our ocean-home,  
Still clinging to us as we roam'd,  
And loving, if we ceas'd to roam.

It was a holy sight to see  
The budding of their prime;  
Young hearts without a touch of sin,  
Without a thought of crime;  
To gaze upon their infant smiles,  
And see how passing fair  
Affection's living spirit seem'd  
To breathe in beauty there!

At length, when years—brief, careless years  
Of happiness had fled,  
And sorrow seem'd as it were past,  
And care as it were dead  
There came—Oh God!—a fearful blow,  
That rent love's holy link in twain;  
A flame of grief that even now,  
Is raging in my breast and brain!

My boy!—gaze on his portrait there!  
Oh!—beams there not from his bright eye  
A soul of fire—a gallant heart—  
A spirit that could dare and die!  
And smiles of gladness—play they not  
In joy round his unruffled brow?  
And youthful hopes—how are they fled!  
How vanished like a vision now!

His father!—'tis his picture—that  
Beside my gallant boy's;  
The lute he holds first urg'd me on  
From home and all its joys:  
Yet, while he liv'd, I lov'd him all  
Too fondly to repine;  
His spirit seem'd to seek its source  
Of happiness in mine!

My daughter!—that young smiling face,  
Oh! look upon it well!  
And say if on a lovelier thing  
A mother's love might dwell!  
Could dreams, in sweet affection's sleep  
Of joy and hope and pride,  
Spring from a fairer, purer source  
In all the world beside?

And yet her smile was all too sweet  
And holy for the earth,  
Her spirit seem'd as it had been  
A thing of heavenly birth!  
Her heart—it was a hidden shrine  
Of purity and love;  
All peaceful, passionless, and soft,  
And gentle as a dove!

Her harp—what ærial melody  
Swept from its silver strings!  
Her voice! deep—feeling—full of soul—  
As when a seraph sings!  
Her bosom!—'twas a virgin home  
Of symmetry and grace,  
Which her dark curling ringlets made  
Their spotless resting-place.

And there she is—there are they all!  
I gaze on them alone;  
But now their living spirits flit  
Around a loftier throne!  
Earth might not hold a single one  
To heed my widow'd call,  
But cank'ring, fest'ring, fell disease,  
Fell heavy on them all.

The minstrel first his body shrunk  
Beneath its sickening blight,  
And from his dark proud eye there shone  
A dim sepulchral light!  
And round his brow a halo play'd  
Amid the chamber gloom,  
As if grim death had sent it there,  
To light him to the tomb!

His spirit fled—death hover'd still  
To snatch a fairer prey;  
And both my sinless children slept  
Long ere another day!  
It was a widow's grief, when first  
Dark sorrows mark'd my brow;  
But it has bent me to the earth;—  
And I am childless now!

That knell—'tis echoed by the rocks  
That skirt the deep-blue waves:  
Just so it toll'd when all I lov'd  
Were going to their graves!  
It falls like music on my ears,  
Since that sad day has past,  
And I love to think its awful chime  
Will call for me at last!

And now no lonely source of love  
Upon the earth I find,  
Except, perchance, some cherish'd thing  
That they have left behind—  
Some holy relic that still holds  
The soothing power to start  
The fount of grief, that else would dry  
And wither in my heart.

But still I think of them—at morn.,  
When the valley dew is bright,  
Amid the busy stir of day,  
And stillness of the night!  
And when the thread of life is spun,  
The pain of life is o'er,  
I still shall think of those I love,  
Till I can think no more!

We are sorry to have been compelled to mutilate our subject sadly, in order to render it (our limits considered) a connected narrative.

A SELECTION OF EXERCISES ON THE PRONUNCIATION OF THE FRENCH LANGUAGE.  
By W. H. Spiller. Simpkin and Marshall.

The means adopted in the pages of this little work for conveying to its readers a knowledge of a correct French pronunciation is extremely ingenious. Our own

types will not allow us to show a specimen, but we can only say, a more complete treatise of the kind we have never seen.

DIBDIN'S SUNDAY LIBRARY. Vol. V.  
Longman and Co. 1831.

The present number of this periodical work

contains Sermons of Bishop Newton, the Reverends H. Blair, T. Chalmers, A. Alison, R. Hall, A. Irvine, J. H. Spry, Dean Chandler, C. W. Le Bas, and C. Benson. It will therefore be superfluous to add, that it is fully equal to any of the previous volumes.

## Music.

THE HARMONICON; a Journal of Music for September, 1831. London. Longman.

ANOTHER excellent number of this popular work. The papers introduced in it are a Memoir of Dr. Benjamin Cooke, a continuation of the paper on Vocal Music, commenced in a former number, which is admirably supported throughout, a continuation of the Notices of the Ecclesiastical Choirs of the United Kingdom, a caustic paper on the subject of Paganini's grasping manœuvres, Reviews of New Music, Concerts, the Drama, &c. &c. The paper on Vocal Music, which is stated to have been extracted from an American paper, originally appeared in that sensible and elegant work (which we cannot too highly recommend) the "Young Lady's Book." In a future number we shall hope to be enabled to transfer it to our pages, for a more cleverly written article, and more to the purpose, could scarcely have been penned. Our present extract is taken from the dramatic notice of the English Opera, and as we have already devoted so much space to a notice of the abilities of the Italian professor, we cannot but feel anxious to do justice to the talents of our own countryman. The "Harmonicon" states—

"No sooner was it reported that a musical wonder was exhibiting at Sadler's Wells—a place quite foreign, if not exactly a *terra incognita*, to us at the west end of the town—than he was engaged by Mr. Arnold, and has not only very much assisted in drawing audiences, but proved, to a more widely extended circle, that, as a competitor of the *grand signor*, he wants nothing but friends among the influential people of the daily press to render him a formidable one. Mr. Collins is called the *English Paganini*, though, if a priority of appearance as a public performer is to determine the titular addition, it may perhaps be only fair to call PAGANINI the *Italian Collins*; for, from the programme, now on our

table, of a concert given by the *Harmonic Society* of Plymouth, so long since as 1817, it appears that our own Orpheus there performed his miracles fourteen years ago, which was, past all doubt, full a dozen years before he ever heard even the name of his rival.\*

"Mr. Collins, on the nights when we have been present, performed a concerto, standing in front of the stage, and without book, in which he introduced harmonics not only above, but also below, his fingers. The Italian does not do the latter, but he produces double harmonics, which the other never attempts. They, therefore, are so far even. Collins, by loosening the hairs of his bow, and placing his violin between these and the stick, plays slow movements in four real parts, the effect of which is, seriously speaking, as beautiful as surprising, for his harmony is good and his intonation perfect. His *pizzicato* and his single-string frolics are quite on a par with Paganini's. But when he fixes his bow upright between his knees, and, by a quick motion of the violin on it, performs a rapid variation, he is then unique, and his triumph is complete. Not, however, satisfied with what ought to procure him an ovation at least, he latterly played a melody without ever touching the string with his left hand—by the revolution of a peg only did he work the wonder! And if this be not allowed as a set-off against Paganini's *crowing* and *clucking*, justice here is deaf to the appeals of an Englishman, and Mr. Collins must console himself by the reflection, that no man is either a prophet or a prodigy in his own country. But he may go abroad and be idolized. Miss Smithson failed here, and M. Laporte was thought nothing of in Paris; the moment they shifted the scene and became foreigners, that moment they were declared great.

"We will only add, and gravely, that Mr. Collins is a very clever person; his tone is

\* He says, with great candour, that he considered the playing on one string, &c. as a kind of joke, as mere pastime, till he recently found that, by cultivating his talents for such exploits, he might make them turn to a profitable account.



full and clear, his intonation pure, and, though his own compositions cannot be extolled, yet his taste is good. He plays an adagio with great feeling, and in a superior manner; and when it is known that only two months have elapsed since he was tempted to recover by practice those parts which it seems are now so much more lucrative than a pursuit of the regular course is likely to prove, it may fairly be inferred, that in a short time he will, in the marvellous line, surpass all his contemporaries."

The music consists of an air and variations, composed by A. F. Wustrow, a very spirited affair; a cavatina, "Would, dearest, thou wert near me!" from Spahr's opera, *Faust*; a song, "Farewell to North-maven," composed by G. Hogarth, Esq. to words from Sir Walter Scott's "Pirate;" an aria in the last scene of *Anna Boleyn*, by Donizetti; a sweet ballad, "The Twilight Hour," set to music by Dr. Carnaby, to the following pretty words by Mrs. C. B. Wilson, which we have been tempted to extract; a canon engraved on the monument of Dr. Cooke, in Westminster Abbey; a pleasing waltz, composed for the "Harmonicon" by T. Hickson; a chorus from *Anna Boleyn*, and the Witches' Dance, from Moschelles "Gems a la Paganini;" in all nine pieces. If these be not, in the estimation of the public, alone worth the price of the work, we think it must be indeed fastidious.

#### THE TWILIGHT HOUR.

Oh! sweet is twilight's hour!

When the gay sun is set in night,  
And ev'ry tree and blossom'd flow'r  
Weeps tears of light.

Oh! sweet is evening's close,  
When shadows on the mountains rest;  
And the clear moon her radiance throws  
On ocean's breast.

In ev'ry heart must reign  
A holy calm at moonlight's hour:  
Then passions wild, and follies vain,  
Resign their pow'r.

Oh! there's a rapture found  
In scenes like these, that ne'er was giv'n  
To daylight's glare, for all around  
Tells us of Heav'n!

A SEVENTH FANTASIA UPON AIRS FROM  
THE OPERA OF CINDERELLA. Composed  
and Performed on the Apollonicon by John  
Purkis. Purday, Holborn.

This fantasia contains some of the most spirited and pleasing melodies from *Cinderella*, commencing with the allegro from the overture, and concluding with the favourite and beautiful finale. We have been often gratified with Mr. Purkis's performances on that magnificent instrument the Apollonicon, and remember his playing the above elegant arrangement with great eclat. The flute accompaniment is an addition which we always admire by this gentleman, and we think this, by far, the most effective piece he has done.

THE OCEAN SPRITES. Glee for three voices;  
composed by W. Turle. Purday, Holborn.

To all lovers of glee-singing we would recommend the above: it is sprightly, light, pleasing, and easy of accomplishment.

### FASHIONABLE INTELLIGENCE, CHITCHAT, &c.

THE coronation is over—another kingly oath is "registered in heaven." God forbid that we should doubt the result—God forbid we should for a moment suppose that William IV. even without the solemn ratification with which the vaulted roofs of Westminster Abbey on the 8th ult. resounded, should do aught but preserve the long tried institutions of Britain, and the stability of the reformed religion as established by law. The present moment is an awful one—may Heaven direct and preserve our country great and glorious among the nations. Our opinion as to the abolition of certain ceremonies at the coronation has been already given, and remains the same; and with regard to the proceedings of the day, they have been so minutely described

in the various journals, that it would be useless to repeat them here. We shall confine ourselves, therefore, to those points merely which have escaped notice. The assemblage of peeresses who assisted upon the occasion, was most brilliant. Their dresses, with one conspicuous exception, were elegant; because, as far as richness of material would allow, they were simple; white and crimson being the dominant colours. The jewels worn upon the occasion were magnificent, and the personal beauty of the peeresses far from inconsiderable; but among them all, we specially noticed one lovely and elegant woman, who had the good taste to wear an exceedingly small coronet, far outshining all who encumbered their brows with a superfluity of golden

dignity. But beauty, splendour, and taste were not wholly confined to the aristocratic benches; bright eyes, clear complexions, waving plumes, and glittering gems, were seen in all the galleries, though none could surpass her Majesty for attraction, independently of her exalted station. It is seventy years since a Queen was crowned; but if as many more pass away and we see as many coronations, we shall not forget Queen Adelaide—her mild, graceful, elegant, gentle, and unaffected demeanour. Never did mortal woman look more majestically, and never was fair lady's name breathed with such heartfelt ardour as by the tens of thousands who shouted in honour of their Queen. His Majesty is understood to have been highly pleased with the day's proceedings.

The peerage of the United Kingdom has, in consequence of the Coronation, received an addition to its numbers in the following persons, viz., Lord George A. H. Cavendish, who has been created Earl of Burlington; the Marquis of Headfort, who has been made Baron Kenlis; the Earl of Meath, Baron Chaworth; the Earl of Dunmore, Baron Dunmore; the Earl of Ludlow, Baron Ludlow; Lord Belhaven, Baron Hamilton; Lord Howden, created Baron Howden; the Hon. W. Maule, Baron Panmure; the Hon. G. Cadogan, Baron Oakley; Sir George W. Bampfylde, Bart., Baron Poltimore; Sir Robert Lawley, Bart., Baron Wenlock; Sir Edward Pryce Lloyd, Bart. Baron Mostyn; Colonel Berkeley, Baron Segrave; Colonel Chichester, Baron Templemore; and Colonel Hughes, Baron Dinorben. Besides these creations, the following peers have been promoted—the Earl of Cassilis to be Marquis of Ailsa; the Earl of Breadalbane to be Earl of Ormellie and Marquis of Breadalbane; Earl Grosvenor to be Marquis of Westminster; Viscount Duncannon to be Earl of Camperdown, and Viscount Northland to be Earl of Rangurly.

The brave, the unfortunate, but undaunted Poles have received a severe blow, for though two days of incessant fighting filled the fossés of their city with the bodies of their fallen foes, the army of the Russians is in possession of Warsaw, from

which it will be almost impossible for the unassisted forces to dislodge them.

Among the forthcoming literary works is, we hear, one from the pen of Mr. Benjamin Ererf, entitled, "The Adventures of a Dramatist." The melancholy fate of the "Dramatic Annual" is before our eyes, but we nevertheless look forward with hope for better fortune to Mr. Ererf.

The proprietors of the Annuals are, we understand, making gigantic efforts. We observe the "Winter's Wreath" promises to entwine the choicest beauties for our acceptance, and we doubt not that albeit a few of last year's charming productions will put forth no more blossoms, the success of the major part will encourage them to deck again our social firesides. We have heard that a powerful opponent will take the field in the shape of a 6s. Annual bearing the same attractions as its more expensive rivals. We sincerely hope that this year there may be no unfair advantage taken, but that, as originally agreed on, the proprietors will all "start fair" on the 1st of November.

"Friendship's Offering" and the "Comic Offering" are to appear this year in their usual style of external and internal elegance—the former to contain papers by the most popular writers, and highly finished engravings after paintings by Sir T. Lawrence, Stothard, Ritcher, Wood, Purser, Westall, and other eminent artists; and the latter, edited by Miss Sheridan, to be embellished by upwards of sixty humorous engravings and facetious contributions of the principal male and female wit of the day. We had almost omitted to mention the forthcoming of another new Annual on the 1st of November, illustrated in the first style of the art, from drawings by Prout, under the title of "The Continental Annual," uniform in size with the Landscape Annual of 1830 and 1831, and published, handsomely bound in morocco at only two-thirds their price. The literary department will be under the superintendence of Mr. William Kennedy. "The Usurer's Daughter," by one of the contributors to our friend Blackwood, is, we hear, to make its *début* in a few days.

## THE MIRROR OF FASHION.

### DINNER DRESS.

A round dress composed of plain *chuly*; the colour is a bright emerald-green. The *corsage* is cut low, plain behind, and arranged in drapery folds which cross in front. The *chemisette* is of blond net: it is

made with a double *peierine*, which falls back on each side, so as to display the front of the dress: it is embroidered round the top in a light pattern, and the *peierine* trimmed with pointed blond lace, set off almost plain. The hat is of rose-coloured

*moire*: it is of the *chapeau capote* shape, trimmed on the inside of the brim with a blond lace drapery, in the centre of which is a *nœud* of rose-coloured gauze riband; the drapery turns back, and forms a curtain round the back of the crown, which is ornamented with a bouquet of rose-coloured ostrich feathers, and a *nœud* of ribands in front. Ear-rings, bracelets, and *ceinture* buckle, massive gold.

## WALKING DRESS.

A dress of canary-coloured *gros de Naples*; *corsage* half high, and sleeves of the *gigot* shape. India muslin *caneton*; the *corsage* part plain, except at the front, where it is lightly embroidered. The trimming which forms the *cœur*, and also the pelerine and collar, are very richly embroidered; the two latter are of a new form. Bonnet of *bleu Adelaide moire*, trimmed on the inside of the brim with ends of canary-coloured gauze riband. A certain veil of blond lace edges the brim, and full knots of canary-coloured riband decorate the crown.

## EVENING DRESS.

A white gauze dress over a white *gros de Naples* slip; the *corsage* is crossed before and behind in loose folds: it displays nothing of the under dress except the blond lace that borders it. We should observe that it is cut higher than they have lately been worn. Short sleeve, very full, and ornamented with a round bow of celestial-blue gauze riband in front of the arm. The hair is parted on the forehead, *à la Madonna*, and arranged in bows and braids on the summit of the head. A knot of riband is placed in front over the right temple, a twisted band crosses from thence to the back of the head, where it terminates in a very full *nœud*, which surmounts the bows of hair. Necklace and ear-rings of fancy jewellery; the *ceinture* buckle is of gold, finely wrought; the *ceinture* is the colour of the sleeve knots, but the riband is *à gros grains*. The half-length figure is a back view of the dress we have just described.

## GENERAL MONTHLY STATEMENT OF FASHION.

Coloured muslins are still fashionable for the promenade, and we see occasionally white dresses; but silk is, upon the whole, more generally adopted. If the dress is of a light material, it is usually worn with a shawl, and we have seen already some very pretty autumnal ones; they are of *minimere* wool, but of the same light texture as *chûly*; the ground is a cream colour, and the border is in detached bouquets of flowers, of rich and full colours.

Silk dresses are mostly of sober hues, but

as yet their form has not experienced any change. We still see some worn with *canetons* and gauze scarfs, but *boa* tippets are more frequently adopted; indeed, these tippets are now indispensable in out-door dress, both for the early and late part of the day.

Transparent bonnets have now entirely disappeared from the promenade, silk ones being generally adopted. We still see a few transparent bonnets worn in carriage dress, that is to say, with the brims transparent, for the crowns are always lined. These bonnets are composed either of crape or brocaded gauze ribands; they are trimmed for the most part with a bouquet of ostrich feathers, from three to five in number, curled, and very short; these are placed high upon the crown, on one side, and a knot of riband at their base, one end of which traverses the crown on one side, and forms a knot at the bottom of it near the back.

Watered silk, and rippled satin, are much more generally adopted; these bonnets are always lined with a different colour, rose, blue, or white, either of crape, or plain *gros de Naples*. The inside of the brim is ornamented with blond lace, which is fluted something in the shape of a heart, and extends very nearly over the whole of the brim, or else the lace is arranged on one side only in the shape of a large leaf, with an ornament of cut riband at each extremity. Ostrich feathers, corresponding in colour with the bonnet, or else white, and tipped with the colour of the bonnet, ornament the crown; they are placed as above described.

We have seen some morning dresses of a French material, which we have no doubt will soon be manufactured here. It is a twill composed of silk and cotton, and of the finest quality. These dresses were made in the wrapper style, open in front, with a large pelerine falling back *en schall*, but divided, and very open on the shoulders. Long loose sleeves, confined at the hand by a narrow wristband. The pelerine, fronts, and bottom of the skirt above the hem, were trimmed with a narrow shawl border of very small flowers, in the most vivid colours. The wristband corresponded.

Morning caps of *blonde de fil*, lined with coloured sarsnet, have been recently introduced. The caul is of the usual form, trimmed with a row of lace disposed in drapery across it, the trimming of the front narrower, and consequently more becoming than any we have lately seen, is turned back, but in such a manner, that a little of it falls partially over the hair in front. A single *nœud* of riband, of rather



a large size, is inserted in the trimming, just in the centre of the front. The brides are of *blonde de fil*.

Silks begin to appear in evening dress, but as yet very slowly. The sleeves are always of a transparent material, and the corsages in crossed drapery.

Fashionable colours are green of various shades, marsh-mallows, pearl grey, lavender, a new and rich shade of faun, sky-blue, and various shades of rose colour.

#### STATEMENT OF FASHIONS AT PARIS IN SEPTEMBER.

White muslin is not so much worn as last month, in walking dress, though it is still adopted by several *élégantes*; printed muslins and *gros de Naples*, are, however, much more fashionable, particularly the former. We never remember so great a variety of patterns; and both large and small patterns seem to be in equal favour; but to be fashionable, they must be in thick and thin stripes alternately, and flowered; those in coloured stripes being no longer genteel.

Shawls are universally worn with muslin dresses, but they are of a very light kind, as China crape, or *Mousseline Cachemire*. They must be square, and of a very large size, so as to drape gracefully round the figure.

Promenade bonnets are of a very dressy description; the materials are, rice straw, Italian straw, and watered *gros de Naples*. The brims of the bonnets are somewhat larger, and the curtain at the back of the crown, is neither so deep nor so full as it has been for some months past; in other respects the shape remains the same. Some are trimmed with ostrich feathers, others with *aigrettes*. The most novel ornament is comprised of riband, and resembles the feather worn by the National Guard. Italian and rice-straw bonnets are generally ornamented with ends of riband placed under the brim; they are set out in such a manner as to form the shape of a fan on the left side. Silk bonnets are decorated with *coques* of riband, and the most elegant are

finished by a curtain veil of blond lace. Blue, green, and lavender are the favourite colours. For silk bonnets, the trimming should be either white, or to correspond in colour. But if the bonnet is either Italian or rice-straw, the trimming should be of a different and strongly contrasted colour.

Organdy, crape, and various kinds of silk, are all in favour in evening dress. *Demi redingotes* and robes seem to be equally fashionable. The first are made with a lappel of moderate and equal width all round the bust of the dress, which is cut of a moderate height, except in the centre, where it slopes down on each side, *en cour*, so as to display the richly worked *chemisette* worn underneath. The lappel is cut in scallops, which are edged either with narrow silk fringe, or narrow blond lace. The fronts of the dress are also scalloped, and trimmed to correspond. The sleeves are very large at the upper part, but confined at the lower by two or three bands, which form the fulness into *bouffants*; they generally extend from the wrist about half way up the front of the arm. These dresses are always either of crape or organdy, and are worn over under-dresses of *gros de Naples*.

Robes are also made of light materials, but more generally of *moire*, or *gros de Berlin*. They are still made with *corrauges*, in crossed drapery, or else draped *à la Seigné*. Some have gauze or blond lace sleeves over short ones of the material of the dress. Others have *beret* sleeves, surmounted by a fall of blond lace. Some are finished round the border with a flounce of blond lace, but in general the skirt is not trimmed.

Crape hats, adorned with blond lace and feathers, and *berets* composed either of gauze or crape, are both fashionable in evening dress, but not so much so as head-dresses of hair arranged in the Chinese style, and ornamented with knots of riband, or else with a sprig of flowers placed very far back.

Fashionable colours are, blue, *rose de parnasse*, marsh-mallows, *vert des Indes*, *gris lavande*, and a new shade of citron colour.

### BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

#### BIRTHS.

In Portman Square, Lady Howard de Walden, of a daughter. In Dublin, the Viscountess Bangor, of a son.

#### MARRIAGES.

On the 24th ult. at St. Pancras New Church, by the Rev. C. Perring, William, son of George Cowell, Esq. of Fitzroy Square, to Emma, daughter of the late Richard Gatcombe, Esq. of Moorland, in

the county of Somerset. At St. John's Walham Green, by the Rev. Dr. Chisholm, Charles Benham, Esq. of Uxbridge, to Mary Anne, only daughter of William Hoare, Esq. of Burlington House, Ham-mersmith.

#### DEATHS.

In the 90th year of her age, Anne, Countess of Mornington. At Elwick Hall, Lady Park, wife of Mr. Justice Park.



# THE LADIES' MUSEUM.

New and Improved Series.

NOVEMBER, 1831.

## APPEARANCES.

BY EDWARD LANCASTER.

Oh! this leaning over chairs, and conning the same music-book, and entwining of arms, and melting away in harmonies! The German waltz is nothing to it.

*Washington Irving.*

"So it appears we are to be fellow-travellers," observed a tall, well-built gentleman to a little dapper personage in a snuff-coloured coat, drab small-clothes, and ditto gaiters; as they stood side by side under the eaves of the Fox and Crown Inn, to shelter themselves as well as might before a heavy shower of rain, whilst some luggage was being packed on the roof of the Whitehaven coach, which had stopped to take up passengers on its way through Leicester to London.

"All appearance, sir; never trust to appearances," returned the little dapper man, smartly; "I'm about to travel, it is true, but not in this coach."

"Indeed!" remarked the first speaker, taking a cigar from between his lips. "I thought this was the only coach that would pass to-night."

"It is, and it is not," said the person addressed, with a smile. "No more will pass from, but two or three will go to Whitehaven; therefore I argue that as you are journeying to Leicester—"

"I am not journeying to Leicester," interrupted the tall stranger.

"You are bound for Melton Mowbray, mayhap?"

"Precisely so."

"Then that confutes my argument," said the little man, giving to his words his due pronunciation and emphasis, as if it implied a person of some consequence. "Now I myself am going to Whitehaven so soon as I have seen my daughter into the coach, Nov. 1831.

which will carry her to the same place you intend stopping at."

"Your daughter! Is she old enough to travel alone?" asked the stranger, with some surprise, as he glanced at his new acquaintance, who did not seem more than thirty years of age.

"Alone!" cried the dapper man, closing his mouth, shaking his shoulders, and laughing inwardly till his cheeks swelled: "she's eighteen years old, man."

"Oh! a daughter-in-law, then, I should surmise?"

"Yes," resumed the little man, whose tongue, as if by its own volition, ran on for some minutes without cessation in a brief and rapid history of its owner. "I married her mother, sir, five years back, (though she's dead, poor soul! now,) who was widow to Dick Wentworth, a gentleman farmer of these parts, (mayhap you have heard of him: he was related to the Wentworths, of Foston, in Lincolnshire.) I was his attorney, and managed to ogle the widow while reading his will: she, however, appeared to take no notice, but I, Jeremy Lunnun, never trust to appearances; so I persevered, and prospered at last. I buried her two years ago, and am now in full cry after Miss Wilkins, of Whitehaven. Determined to try to the last. Obligated, though, to leave to-night in order to send Elizabeth, my daughter-in-law, to meet her cousin, Genevieve Byfield, who unexpectedly returns with her mother from the Continent to-morrow morn-

